

NEW

MASSSES

15¢

SEPT. 1931



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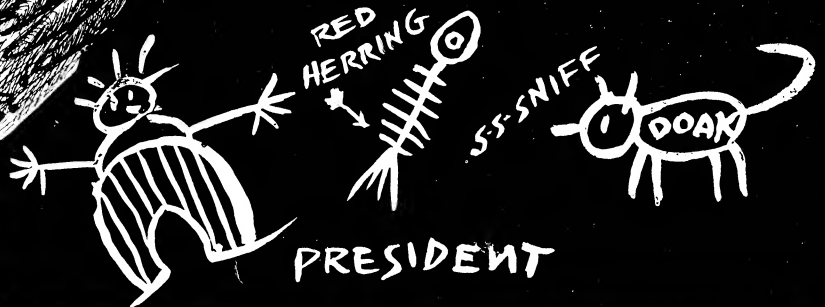
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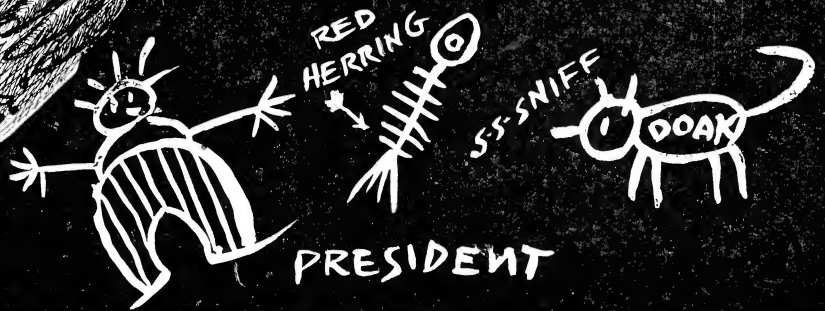
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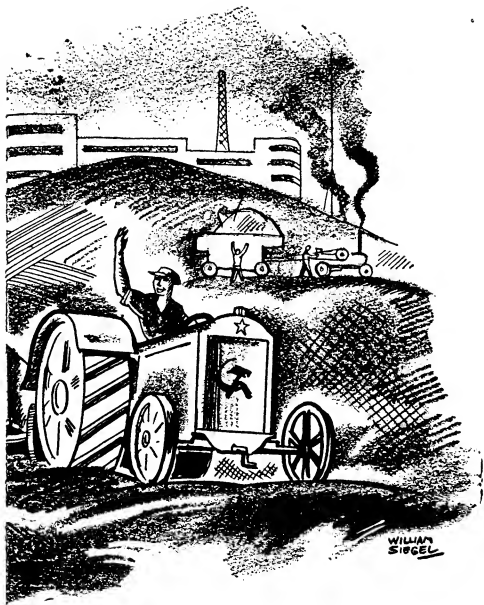
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NEW MASSES Goes to New Center

After September 3, the *New Masses* will be located at 63 West 15th Street, New York City. We leave a historic location, since our old address was also the address of the old *Masses* as far back as 1911. We go now to what we believe will be another historic location: the first American Revolutionary Cultural Center, in which we join hands with the John Reed Club of New York (with an Art Gallery and Art School) and the new Workers Cultural Federation. We invite our readers to visit us at our new headquarters.



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BOOKS ON SOVIET RUSSIA

NEW MASSES

1910—Sixth Year of the New Masses -- 1926 -- Twenty First Year of the Masses—1931

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SEPTEMBER, 1931

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MICHAEL GOLD

SIX OPEN LETTERS

Gifford Pinchot, Governor of Pennsylvania:

Your Gracious Excellency: There were some eloquent notes in your recent address on the unemployment crisis. It was shrewd of you to attack your presidential rival Hoover, on the matter of relief. We agree with you that a nation which has spent millions in helping Germans, Armenians, Chinese, and Belgians in their hunger years, can now afford to dole out of its swollen wealth a few pennies to the starving workers who created that wealth. It was shrewd of you also to point out, like any alarmed Socialist, that unless relief is granted this winter great masses of workers will be turned against the capitalist system.

Your address glowed with a warm humanitarianism refreshing and rare in the documents of America's dull, heartless statesmen. The times are ripe for such demagoguery, but we shall not accuse you of that. We accept your words of good-will at their face value. What we must ask, though, is this: how do you reconcile these Christian words with the clubs, guns, blackjacks with which your State Troopers are butchering the coal miners of Pennsylvania?

Charity should begin at home. You have upheld every act of your professional murderers, you have praised their acts openly, they work under your direct approval. How many starving miners and their women and children have they gassed, clubbed, ridden down, jailed, insulted, tortured, evicted forcibly, subjected to atrocities paralleled only in the annals of a Ghengis Khan? Don't you know?

O amiable, learned, tolerant, kindly Christian Governor, let us point out that you have the blood of innocent people on your hands. You walk in martyr's blood to the knees, A Marcus Aurelius of the high places. You drink miners' blood in your morning coffee. You may smile benevolently, but we hear the groans of the dying Philipovitch. You preach, and we smell tear gas, see cracked skulls and humble widows. Can you wash the blood from your raiment, Governor? It will take more than a speech of this sort, we assure you. The miners of Pennsylvania will never forget you, Governor, nor your State Troopers. Fair words are not enough in this hour. The miners hate you. Some day, Governor, to your innocent surprise, you may discover that they tried you as a butcher of the poor and have found you guilty. What a shock that may prove to a Christian Governor. What do you intend to do now in Pennsylvania?

Indignantly,

The New Masses.

H. L. Mencken, Editor of the American Mercury:

Rare Sam Johnson of our time: Farewell! Good-bye! Everything is finished between us. Your thunders do not awe us any longer, your Olympian judgments are now exposed as only another priestly trick by an-all-too human oracle. Teacher of the ineffectual generation of post-war youth in America, your work is ended, and it would be better to retire. Lost leader, only the American Legionnaires and Daughters of the American Revolution now follow you.

For you have uncovered a phobia. You are a Tory who hates the Soviet Union. Worse than that, you are a white Nordic chauvinist who fears and hates the yellow races, and preaches war against the Soviet Union, because it is forging the brotherhood of all races.

Great Mencken, your recent editorials on Soviet Russia betray a new and painful development in your disease. You are shamelessly ignorant of the exact facts of the world situation. Your phobia prevents you from study, calm reflection, courageous growth and insight. You are going backward.

The times call for leaders whose knowledge of world events is gained by wide, ceaseless study in the precisions of economics and history. You have come to understand nothing and have lost the humility to learn. Your phobia has closed in your mind to the point where you judge the revolution of 160 million people by the lurid dime-novel fiction of newspaper racketeers like Isaac Don Levine. It is a dangerous sign. What can be done about it? It is impossible to argue rationally with the man who has a phobia.

With condolences and sympathy, and some hopes for a recovery,
The New Masses.

To The U. S. Farm Board:

Worthy Saviors: What remarkable capitalist brains must be assembled in your little group! We are lost in admiration for the titanic solution you have just offered to the bankrupt cotton growers of the south. Burn a third of the crop, you told them! Did that great economist Falstaff ever solve the national problems more sweetly? O bald-headed Solomons, why dabble only in cotton? All the industry and agriculture of America is in distress. Rescue it. Tell the nation now to burn one-third of the wheat, also, and the automobiles, and clothing, and houses, and coal, steel, textiles. It is sure to solve the unemployment problem. Let America be covered with flames, and nobody will starve. Thank

your God there is a great engineer in the White House whom no situation stumps.

Your bedazzled admirers,

The New Masses.

To Ezra Pound:

Esteemed Poet and Instructor of Youth: You have often demanded of us that we state our platform. You have made this the chief of your complaints against us. We could not answer, because the request was so unusual. If a driven farm renter of the Dakotas asked this question we should answer him simply and completely. The world's books have been kept from him by a system which starves, degrades and does not enlighten its people.

But for an intellectual to make this demand! A scholar, a restless wanderer in the history of mankind to whom nothing human is alien! Why, Ezra, there are ten thousand books, pamphlets, magazines and the like printed to explain Communism. You can find them in French, German or any other language you read except the Italian. Or do finances prevent the poet? We would be glad to donate a batch of simple pamphlets or more abstruse treatises.

This platform has been examined for over fifty years by keen minds, there are books on esthetics, politics, economics, a whole library. Must we really sit down and summarize it for you, are you a tired business man who has no time to read the originals and employs a secretary to perform his thinking?

Now we must ask you something in return, Ezra, and we think it's a fair demand. There are positively no books on Fascism. You have enlisted yourself in the Black Shirt ranks, and there is a

group of Europeanized Americans who are beginning to spread the tidings with you. Write for the world, Ezra, your exact program of Fascism. Tell us, not in literary hocus-pocus rhetoric, but in precise formulas, what Fascism means to do. Does Mussolini plan to eliminate the bankers, industrial lords, parasites and priests or are they still necessary to him? Does Fascism stand for an intense nationalism leading directly to a new world war? Does Fascism represent the rule of the workers, as in Soviet Russia, and does it throw open all the treasures of culture and science to the workers?

We know the answers, Ezra, but we do not think you know. You have been captivated by rhetoric, and Communism unfortunately cannot compete in that direction. To the eternal glory of Communism, which is a fighting doctrine, no Communist has ever written mystical books in praise of violence, as do the young Fascist sadists. To the glory of Communism, it has never preached nationalism, it has drawn the black, yellow and white races into a fierce and common fraternity for the first time in history.

Fascism has done nothing socially creative; it is not a step forward, but a step backward. The rule of capitalism is shaky; and Fascism is the method the capitalists have taken in each stricken land to hold on to

power. Democracy is capitalism's peace time method of ruling; Fascism is nothing but capitalism declaring a state of martial law.

Is this clear to you? Does it mean anything? Of course not; for it is too obvious and true. As some of your Fascist literary confreres are now preaching, you want magic, mystification, the large windy words and attitudes. The so-called Fascist philosophy, when deflated, is found to be nothing but the cheap rhetoric of a D'Annunzio. It can be nothing else; the reality is too bloody, painful and reactionary for a "poet's" examination.

Communism is based on simple things of earth; bread for all, peace for all, books, music, theatre, science, hygiene, leisure, security, love without money, life without money for all. And it is enough; it is a program that liberates the sincere mind to any stars there may be.

By the way, Ezra, your movement is growing in America. The *New Republic* has just printed some sweet, pussyfooting, kindly articles by Stark Young in defense of Fascism. He writes like a maiden aunt defending her favorite tomcat from detractors. He mentions many things, but he does not mention the big industrialists and bankers who provided the funds for Mussolini's Black Shirts, hired him as one hires a gangster to protect their property. (Ernest Hemingway knows the facts about this, and could write them). And Mr. Young does not mention the five thousand corpses of trade unionists, co-operative members, peasants and workers upon which Fascism inaugurated its regime.

No, these facts are like doses of Fascist castor oil to you boys. Has that feeble fairy Jean Cocteau ever killed a trade union leader? Will Stark Young ever disembowel a peasant or shoot children for the glory of Fascism? Mussolini did; he saved the bankers and industrialists, rent, interest and profit in Italy.

There are other recruits to your movement here Ezra. You will be cheered to know that President Hoover has enlisted in the ranks and has empowered Secretary of Labor Doak to use Fascist methods for breaking strikes in this country. Many generals in the U. S. Army are going Fascist, it is very popular among army men. The American Legion is reading your articles, Ezra, and it is rumored you are to be an honorary colonel. H. L. Mencken is swinging over, and will soon be yours, perhaps. Lorimer and the *Saturday Evening Post* have been strongly for you these past three years of depression. Governor Fuller of Massachusetts is on your side, and the Ku Klux Klan is changing from nightshirts to blackshirts. You may yet return triumphantly, Ezra, to a Fascist America, and lead a squad that will mystically, rhetorically but effectively bump off your old friends, the artists and writers of the *New Masses*.

Always ready, but hoping to see you in hell first,

The New Masses.

To Morris Hillquit of Riverside Drive:

Friend of the Poor, Protector of the Oppressed: Congratulations. We are glad to see your law business is doing so well. So a syndicate of the former owners of oil lands in Baku employed you to sue the Soviet Government for the recovery of their wealth. What a fat retainer they must have paid you. But it was worth it, they could not have come to a better man. It is exactly the kind of case for which a Socialist lawyer is best fitted. He has had, like yourself a long training in economics, and he sincerely hates the Soviet Union. He is a man to be trusted by Czarist millionaires; his heart is sure to go into the work.

We are glad to see that the Socialist Party rewarded you for your fearless oil fight by sending you at once as American delegate to the meeting of the Socialist International in Europe. You must have had a fine time there, and won many adherents to the cause of your clients. Certainly the Russian Socialists were with you, for they have a secret organization in the U.S.S.R. to battle for the rights of such as your clients. Marx did not predict that the revolution would come first to Russia, therefore it should not have come. Russia should have gone through the capitalist stage first, has not Kautsky said it? We were surprised you did not use this argument in your brief for the restoration of the oil wells.

You must have enjoyed the bright happy days you spent in your youth under the Czar, when your people were slaughtered in pogroms and a Jew was no better than a Negro in Alabama. You must be yearning for the return of that blessed period. Probably some of your clients beat in your uncle's head with an ax or raped your grandmother. But it is best to be forgiving in this world, and anything is better than collective ownership, eh what?



William Siegel

IF WINTER COMES . . .



William Siegel
IF WINTER COMES . . .

Morris, we will confess to you one thing; we were mistaken about the Socialist party. We knew the leaders had long since openly and proudly repudiated Marx, like Norman Thomas, or had attempted to liquidate the party entirely, like some of the others, yet we did believe there were a few thousand rank-and-filers who would resign from such a degenerate organization. There was a slight protest against you, but on the whole, you are still safe. It seems it is no crime for a Socialist to attack the only Socialist land. Norman Thomas does it in every article he writes, and you are entitled to make a living by oil cases.

So it goes, Morris. You were a Socialist leader once, and now you are a scoundrel. But maybe it is not your fault, but the fault of Marx. He did not foresee that the revolution would come first in Russia, and he did not foresee that the Socialist Parties of the world would be the chief force to save capitalism in its last death throes.

Yours, ready to puke
The New Masses.

Dear Theodore Dreiser:

On your sixtieth birthday we bring you the homage of many thousands of workers, farmers and intellectuals in America, and of the world. In the past year America has witnessed a miracle. One of its few great living writers has repudiated the pessimism, sophistication, shallow liberalism and other vices of the intellectual world here and has come forward boldly and grandly as the champion of the workingclass revolution. You, Theodore Dreiser, have again demonstrated a fact that had long been submerged in America; that writing is a heroic responsibility. That writers must be leaders of their land. Your life work was a preparation for this. The pity and indignation that throbbed in all of your literature now has found its program in life. You have passed from the critic and observer of America, into a higher stage, you are now one of the leaders in the creation of a fairer and juster land.

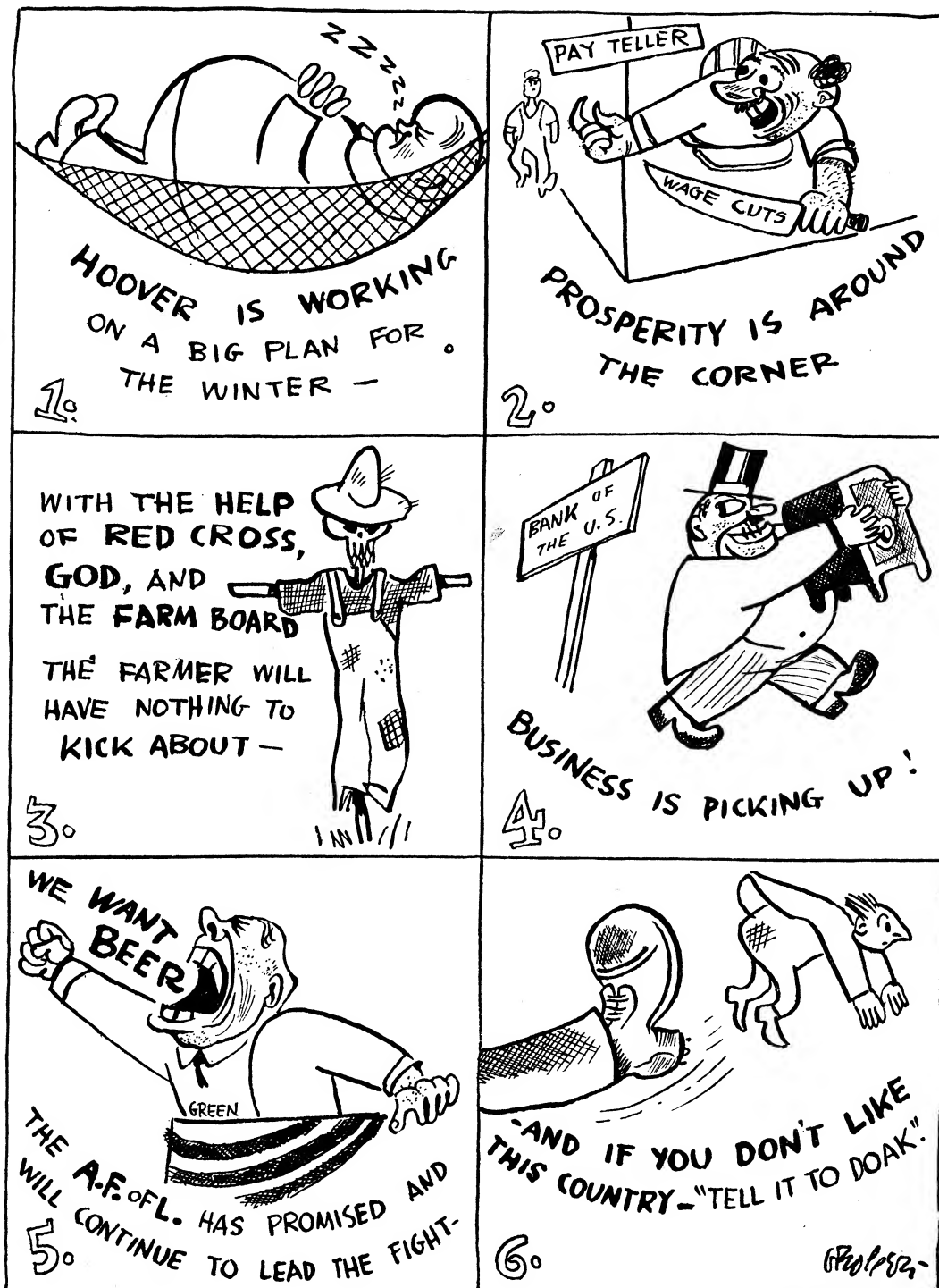
In Moscow, in China, in Japan, in the factories of Germany and in the cottonfields of the Egyptian delta, your name is now known as that of a comrade. The Negro rent-croppers of Alabama and the coal miners of Pennsylvania look to you as their loyal friend. You have made no mistake in enlisting in this cause. It has attracted all the great spirits, and we are proud in America that from among us has come a worthy representative. Theodore Dreiser, you stand now in a world brotherhood with Maxim Gorki, Romain Rolland, Henri Barbusse, Martin Anderson Nexo, the young poets and novelists of Germany, China, India, South America—the young Byrons, Shelleys, Tolstoys, Heines and Dickens of our time.

Your example will have a profound influence on the youth of America, and silently but surely, will penetrate into the dark places where the intellectual life is smothered now. It has been a great deed, a great choice, the perfect climax to the life of one who never compromised his art, but plowed an honest, lonely way through the universal corruption.

With great good wishes,

The New Masses.

DON'T DIE, WAIT....!

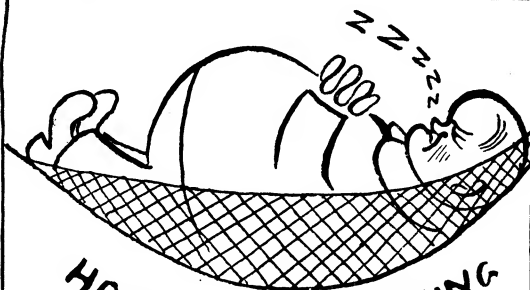


William Gropper

Internationale

Oceans are no barrier to us now: we have reached
Across the seas with our common heritage
Behind us and with a promise of a realized freedom
Are workers with the same salute
And quality of handclasp: our eyes have seen
The same browbeating slavery
In many lands and we have arisen like volunteers
To a red-revolt: when our comrades are killed
Or emerge victorious we know a common grief
Or an international song triumphant.
We are no longer hermits in isolated
Countries but an army of kindred hearts
With races for battallions.

NORMAN MACLEOD.



**HOOVER IS WORKING
ON A BIG PLAN FOR
THE WINTER -**

1.



**PROSPERITY IS AROUND
THE CORNER**

2.

**WITH THE HELP
OF RED CROSS,
GOD, AND
THE FARM BOARD
THE FARMER WILL
HAVE NOTHING TO
KICK ABOUT -**



3.



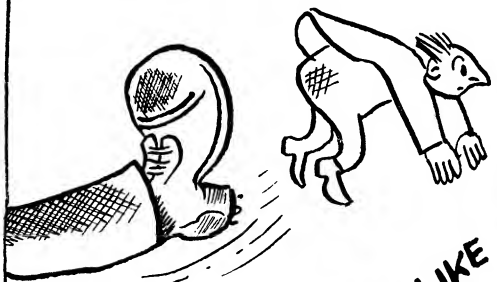
BUSINESS IS PICKING UP!

4.



**THE A.F. OF L. HAS PROMISED AND
WILL CONTINUE TO LEAD THE FIGHT-**

5.



**-AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE
THIS COUNTRY - "TELL IT TO DOAK."**

6.

Propaganda



Hugo Gellert

THEODORE DREISER

wonderful world and that *he* will live to be a hundred.

No doubt Theodore Dreiser will manage to get along without the national celebration. He will be content to forego the brass bands and the cheers of the Elks and the Knights of Columbus, knowing that he is today honored wherever men read and think, as a great pioneer in the literature of America.

Yet, like all pioneers, this titan of the American novel is already beginning to inspire the ingratitude of the heirs who have profited by his heroic labors. If the feudal system led to excessive ancestor worship, there seems to be a social law for capitalism under which the son who acquires continental manners at the Cafe du Dome despises the father who sends him an allowance from the hardware store in Dubuque. A new generation of writers gets snooty about Dreiser's style, sniffs at his naive naturalism, and, basking in a literary freedom which it did nothing to win, forgets the historic significance of *Sister Carrie*.

An earlier generation, the despised twenties, had enough common sense and historical perspective to acknowledge American literature's debt to Dreiser.

"Dreiser," said Sherwood Anderson, "made a path through the wilderness."

"If there be any writer in our midst worthy of our homage," Waldo Frank said, "worthy to be called our master, it is this neolithic Dreiser."

The twenties were near enough to that wilderness to understand what hacking and hewing Dreiser had to do to clear a path for himself—and for them. They grasped the essential fact that his novels—vast, crude, inchoate but thundering with power like Niagara Falls—were faithful mirrors of America's industrialization.

Dozens of American critics ran sniffing through Boris Pilnyak's recent novel, *The Volga Falls to the Caspian Sea*, looking for the "human tragedy" resulting from Soviet Russia's industrialization. Let them consider the actual workings of the Five Year Plan; then let them read some American history of the eighties, the nineties, and the three decades of this century, and follow it up with the human tragedies portrayed in Dreiser's novels.

Dreiser grew up during the trustification of the United States. He knew poverty and frustration, and felt close to the mass of Americans whose lot is poverty and frustration. He observed the rise to power of a class of rapacious racketeers, envied and hated them, tried to understand them, analyzed them minutely in his books. The romantic, even-sentimental, artist in him was shocked by what he saw as a reporter in the steel mills of Pittsburgh, by what he read of Yerkes' life. He watched the violent struggle for wealth, the rise of a new bourgeoisie which built up its vast power on force and fraud, on the most brutal exploitation of the workers and farmers. It

THE TITAN

Had Theodore Dreiser been a Russian, French or German author, his sixtieth birthday on August 27, would have been observed as a national event. On a similar occasion, Gorki received the homage of the entire press of his country, street demonstrations, banquets. In this land of rugged individualism no individual is taken so seriously. Even Grandpa Rockefeller—a billionaire, hence a billion times more important than any mere writer—gets only a column in the newspapers on his birthday, and a chance to repeat for the billionth time that *we* live in a

was a time when buccaneers with gold gathered "from the mines of California, from the forges of Pittsburgh, from the forests of Michigan, from the metallized mountains of Montana," laid the foundations of America's present financial and industrial oligarchy. The democratic dogma was a national disease; anybody with "brains" could become rich; all men were created free and equal; they could start at scratch and race toward fabulous riches and power, hanging their rivals out of the way with any weapon that came to hand. It was a mighty battle of wit, will and nerves among racketeers who make Al Capone look like a petty thief.

The race was to the swift, the battle to the strong—and literature was left to the timid souls. The Dean of American letters was Howells; Fuller, Norris and a few others grasped the epic significance of the struggle of those "rugged individuals" who comprised the American bourgeoisie; but it remained for Dreiser to show an understanding, a power and a tenacity worthy of the theme.

Before writing *The Financier*, Dreiser had already tasted the martyrdom of the pioneer. For seven years he fought against his publisher who practically suppressed *Sister Carrie*; he had felt the whips of the academic and puritan critics who could not tell the difference between truth and pornography, between sincerity and sensationalism. *The Financier* was a full length portrait of a bourgeois hero, and, as might have been expected, the bourgeois critics howled like hysterical dogs.

"The male," wrote Professor Stuart P. Sherman, an eminent academician in his day, "is characterized by cupidity, pugnacity, and a simian inclination for the other sex." Other respectable critics joined Sherman in his complaint that Frank Cowperwood—the financier, the titan—had a rapacious appetite for money and a rapacious appetite for women. In their monastic cells at the universities, these gentlemen-scholars no doubt imagined that big capitalists made millions by "hard work." They did not know (or did not care to admit what everyone now knows) that J. P. Morgan's collection of women equalled in number his collection of art objects.

Dreiser stuck to his guns. In time critics, representing a middle class grown skeptical and "liberal," a working class becoming self-conscious and radical, came to his defense. The war revolutionized American literature. New writers had passed through experiences at the front which made *Sister Carrie* read like a Sunday School tract, and they wrote about those experiences. After the war, it was no longer possible to suppress *The Genius*. Dreiser came into his own. He was generally recognized as the titan of the American novel.

With this fame came riches. It was time for the fulfillment of the prediction of those clever critics who had said that Frank Cowperwood was Dreiser's ideal, the literary projection of his wish to be rich and powerful. History is full of examples of the tired radical, the young rebel who achieves a little fame and a little money in middle age and finds it, only too often, the better part of wisdom to conform. But Dreiser's vitality is not yet exhausted; he who tried to understand his

times in the first decade of this century continues to seek its meaning in the third. He continues to side with the mass whose poverty and frustration he once knew first hand, and to fight with the advance guard for the abolition of that poverty, the dissolution of that frustration.

It is typical of bourgeois journalism that nothing at the dinner given in honor of Boris Pilnyak last April was reported in the press except the slap which Dreiser administered to Sinclair Lewis, a quarrel entirely personal. Not a word was published about the slap which Dreiser verbally administered to capitalism. The dean of American novelists, who could so easily rest on his wealth and his laurels at sixty, announced to an audience of leading bour-

Greetings to Dreiser

On behalf of the revolutionary writers of all countries greetings on your sixtieth birthday. Like all honest and consistent opponents of imperialist war, the oppression of the peoples and the exploitation of the working classes, you have thrown in your lot with the revolutionary proletariat. We know the value of your cooperation. We know that through all the changes and eventualities in the trend of world events you will fight on our side. We are very glad to be able to call you comrade.

We wish you in the interests of the proletariat a long life of fruitful work.

The International Union of Revolutionary Writers.

Moscow, U.S.S.R., August 22, 1931.



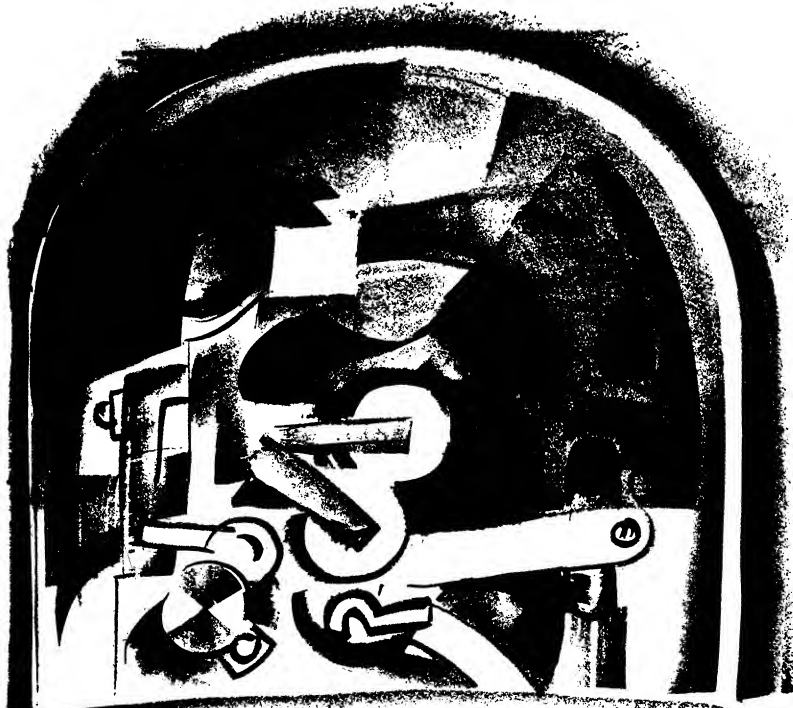
Hugo Gellert

THEODORE DREISER



Hugo Gellert

THEODORE DREISER



*"The new God proclaims
surplus value as the sole
aim of mankind."*

—Karl Marx in Capital.



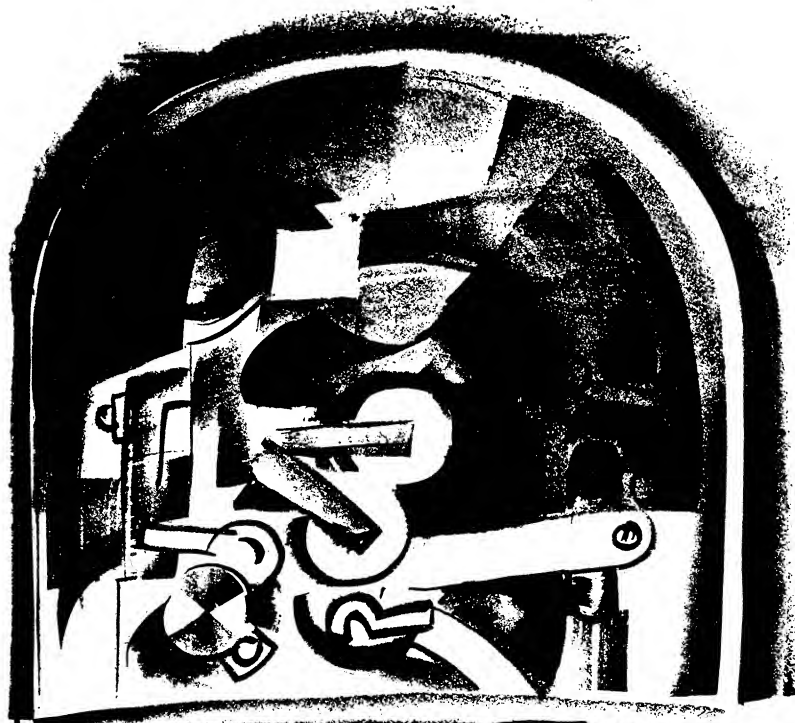
Hugo Gellert

Two months ago, the Rockefeller-controlled Colorado Fuel and Iron Co. declared itself opposed to wage reductions. It has now declared a 20% wage cut, made "with the greatest reluctance," according to John O. Hamilton, secretary of the company.

geois writers that he was a communist.

Let us not split hairs. It is, at the moment, not important that Dreiser is not a Marxist, that he does not believe many things which Communists do, and believes in many things which they do not. It is more important that at the height of his career he has had the vision and the courage—like Bernard Shaw and Romain Rolland in Europe—to take sides openly with the world revolutionary movement of the working class. He has

even done better than Shaw, for he has not confined his sympathies to the Soviet Union, where the working class is already in power, but has openly expressed it in the United States, where it is still struggling for the overthrow of capitalism. In supporting the Communist candidates in last year's elections, in his activities for the International Labor Defense and the striking miners, Dreiser maintains unimpaired his personal integrity, his tradition of a pioneer, his stature as a titan.

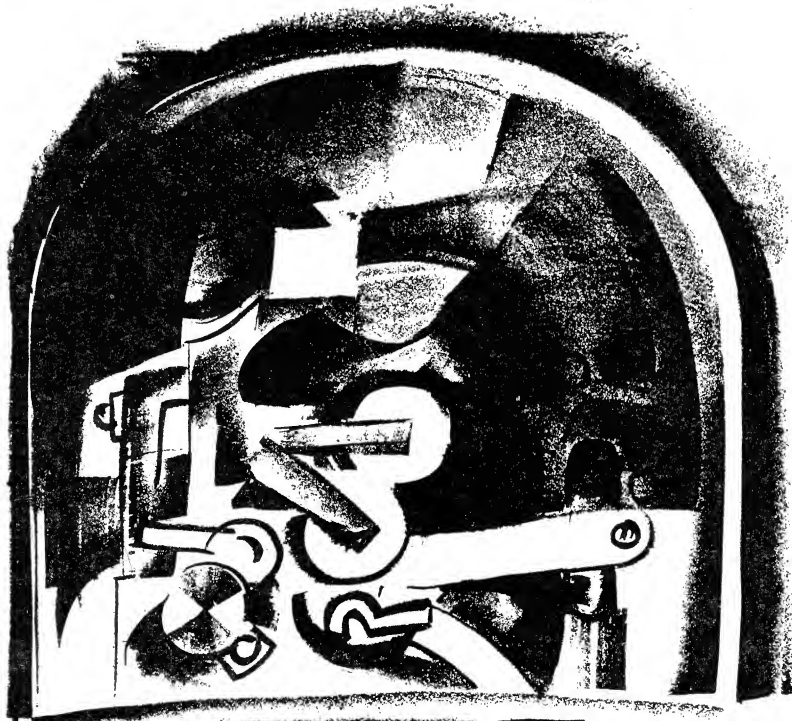


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FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

G. T. Linbach

YOU ARE NOW IN PATERSON, N. J.

By PAUL PETERS

You're just an ordinary guy and you're driving a car through Paterson, N. J.

Hmn, Paterson: neat little joint with a tidy railroad station and a bustling main street. Boulevard lights, furniture stores slick with veneer, shoeshops flashy with leather, silks draped around wax department-store mannikins. When the six-foot cop swings his holstered hip, the cars start nudging each other down the avenue like joints in a lacquered carterpillar. Yes, yes, a live little burg, Paterson; full of jump, up and coming.

But if you're a dye and silk worker, this isn't your Paterson, N. J.

If you're a dye and silk worker, main street is only Paterson's boiled shirt. Underneath are running sores and cancer.

Your Paterson, if you're a dye and silk worker, is the long grey mills with gates like prison gates and windows barred like prison windows. Your Paterson is a smudgy clapboard house with a hot bed poking iron ribs out of a front window; a hallway cluttered with rubbish, and holes chewed out of plaster walls; garbage cans haloed with flies; overalls swinging from window to window. Your Paterson is an eleven hour working night and \$15 a week; a dyehouse full of poison gas; a spinning room full of tubercular lint; a layoff, a wage-cut, speedup.

Just now, if you're a dye and silk worker, your Paterson is the

second month of a bitter strike with police clubbings, mass arrests, and A. F. of L. sell-outs. Paterson like the Bourbons never learns anything and never forgets anything. Except for a few new gasoline stations, she is still the Paterson of 1913, 1919, 1924, and 1928: the Paterson that tried to lynch Bill Heywood and frameup Gurley Flynn for murder. The world hasn't budged an inch for Paterson. Somewhere back in the free-for-all days after the Civil War, Paterson, as in the old song, "saw the wheel":

*"And the big wheel run for profits,
And the little wheel run by cops—"*

But there's something Paterson doesn't know. A new tide is rising over the world, bubbling up through the crust in strange, unexpected places, with smoke and roar, like hot lava: in Russia, in India, in China, in Germany, in the savage wastes of Alabama and Georgia.

Some of it has broken through Paterson. You won't find it in the lying splendor of main street. You have to go out to the little green hall where the strikers meet, out where the ramshackle litter of millhomes begins.

A vaudeville backdrop sags over the stage. The floor is strewn with tobacco. Syrian and Italian signs placard the balcony. Faces tilt up; Polish, Jewish, Hindu, Greek, blond German, rangy American, a few black faces. Side by side they sit, these com-



FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

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rades on a common battle field, sweltering in the afternoon heat, straining to catch the words of the speaker.

A Syrian talks. He says: "I lived in Syria when Syria was ruled by the Turks and they tried to hold us down. But I never saw such brutality by the Turks as I have seen here by Paterson police against our comrades."

An organizer from the strike in Allentown brings fiery encouragement. J. Rubin and Fred Biedenkapp, like generals before their men, discuss gains, losses, manoeuvres. An impatient woman rises to leave a clatter of chairs. From every side voices cry: "Sit down. Keep quiet! Keep quiet!"

Something tense, eager, passionate swells out of these upturned faces, stretches like a vibrant cord over the little green hall.

Names are read. A string of laughing youngsters lines up before the stage. Then cheering and singing they march off to court. Tonight they will be singing and laughing in the filthy Paterson jail.

Whistles, shouts, roars as Jim Reid, president of the National Textile Workers' Union, strolls on the platform. He runs his hand across his white hair; the genial, pink-cheeked face smiles; and Jim Reid talks to them, simply, good-natured, now and then with a burst of ferocity. How they laugh and cheer and hang to his words! You can feel them warm up to him: this lovable old man with the clear eyes and the soft grey hair, gentle, yet sinewy like a practiced warrior.

Now comes a Negro from the League of Struggle for Negro Rights. He is the best orator of them all. New words roll out of his mouth. He himself is something new, this fervent black man, uttering words never before spoken on a Paterson stage. He talks of Scottsboro, of the Alabama share-cropper massacre, of Chicago Negro evictions, of Negro miners in West Virginia. And look: Hindus, Poles, Jews, Syrians, Italians—all leap to their feet and cheer this black man; cheer with the full blast of their lungs, because he says: "—not the black race against the white race—we know better than that—but the working class, black and white, fighting side by side against their common exploiters."

Yes, there's something Paterson's got to learn yet.

Dominic Raises Hell—

Paterson may learn some day from Dominic Giaquinto. Dominic is twelve. He's been a Young Pioneer since the beginning of the strike. Like it? Say, Dominic will tell you he's nuts about the Pioneers. A tiny, olive-colored, shoe-button-eyed street-urchin with a shaved head. Dominic used to whoop it up around the alleys, a terror to the neighborhood. Now Dominic has a channel for his feverish energies. He belongs to the Pioneer Drum and Bugle Corps. All morning he practices tripping a mean tattoo on his red drum; and in the afternoon he puckers his lips into the trumpet. When the old urge to raise hell comes over him, look for Dominic on the picket line, harassing the cops, dodging like an eel, singing at the top of his lungs:

*"We fight like hell, we sing like hell,
On the picka, picka, picket Line"*

Up on the Pioneer Bulletin Board, Dominic commits himself publicly in this fashion:

Why I Like to Go on the Picket Line

"I like to go on the picket line because I want to help my father and mother. Yesterday I went on the picket line. I saw a man and a policeman fighting. The policeman held the man's arm. Then I saw him call up the police patrol. The policeman had a gun in his hand. Then the patrol came and arrested some pickets. Every one was razzing the cops. Me too, I want to help the strikers. And we will win. My father is a striker. I wish my father could get a job. We Pioneers give three cheers for the strikers and for the Pioneers."

Signed: DOMINIC GIAQUINTO.

Dominic's older brothers belong to the Youth Group. Every Saturday night is Youth Night. Sometimes like last week,

they pull off a burlesque Sharkey-Schmelling fight—stalling, hugging, feigning—exposing hilariously the fakery of America's million-dollar sports. They have a 32 piece band, white pants and all. Next week they will do a mock trial, a giddy side-splitter on the Paterson brand of justice.

Up in the balcony, between picket hours, the Youth Section holds its pow-wows. What a healthy gang they are, tanned faces, clear eyes, husky bodies! A cloud falls over them as they talk of the dye shops where 14 year old boys work from 7 in the morning till 7 at night, doing for 21 cents an hour the work which pays an older man 40 and 50 cents. Youth in Paterson, like everywhere else, finds it is driving its own parents out of a job—and getting less money for it.

It is the youth, too, who go to jail. Almost every day since the beginning of the strike in July there have been clashes with the police. Picketing is a crime, singing, shouting, parading, the very act of striking is a crime. Day after day heads are cracked, arms wrenched, faces battered. Sometimes a cordon of police rounds up an entire picket line, women, children, babies, go-carts and all, 60 or 70 at a time. Back and forth jangles the Black Maria, four to five trips—while racketeers and gunmen amble unmolested up and down the main street. The workers are fined \$5 or \$10 for "not keeping ten paces apart in the picket line." If they catch a strike leader, they soak him \$50 or \$100. Most of the workers prefer to work out the fines in jail at a dollar a day.

The Tenants Visit the Landlord—

You cross the street and go down the basement steps to the bare room with the board sagging between two wooden horses. A sign blazes with red letters: *THE FIGHT IS AGAINST HUNGER!* People come trooping in, shy; sometimes to cover their shyness, belligerent. The second day of the strike the papers carried this banner: "25 DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE MEN SENT TO PATERSON." Many of the strikers are aliens. They are terrorized.

Their picketing cards punched, they talk in low tones to the tall Syrian with the dark face. Then they plod up the steps again, hugging bags of corn, string beans, potatoes, tomatoes, a bulge of crusty black bread, if they come early enough a bottle of milk.

You run your eye down the slip an old man hands you. "George Hauk—Van Heusen St.—from these premises—eviction—" An old man, George Hauk, old from 20 years in the dye house. Now he is out on strike. He owes \$24 for a month and a half's rent. Even before the strike he did not earn enough to pay his rent. His wife is a cripple. The city of Paterson is bent on setting George Hauk and his wife out on the street.

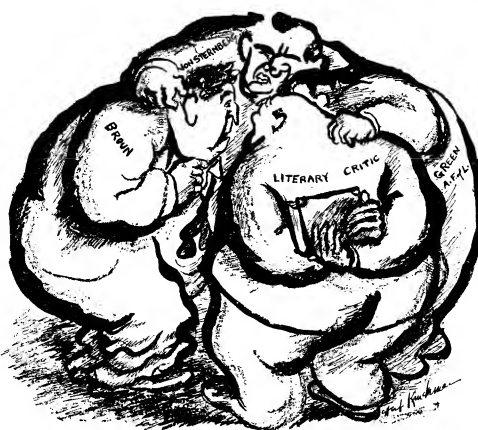
But now George Hauk learns something new. Despairing and defeated, he learns something about the word: Fight. A diminutive blonde girl with mild blue eyes and a gingham dress teaches him. Looking at her you would never suspect that this charming, smiling little child is so "dangerous" a person that the cops of Gastonia, N. C., framed up a murder charge to burn her in the electric chair. Her name is Sophie Melvin.

"We've had other evictions like this," she says. "Here's what we do. We get the landlord. It never fails. He always agrees to wait for his rent until the strike is over. Sometimes the Edison Company turns off the gas and electric. Then we arrange with neighbors to let them come in and do their cooking." Then grimly: "A delegation of tenants has a surprising effect upon a landlord."

On they come down the basement steps: A Syrian woman who earned \$14 a week working at night and can't afford to have her abcessed teeth pulled out; Joe Kahmaty, who has eleven children and a sick wife. The list is long.

Meanwhile: strike, picket lines, police brutality, evictions, bitter class struggle.

You are now in Paterson, N. J.



Herb Kruckman

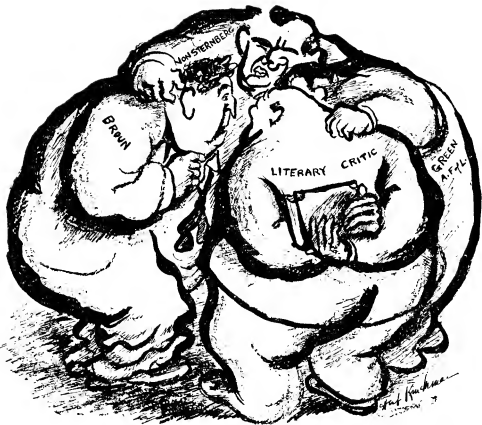
THE ANVIL CHORUS ON DREISER

"He's a second rate novelist!"

"It's not art!"

"He can't write!"

"He associates with dangerous elements."



Herb Kruckman

THE ANVIL CHORUS ON DREISER

"He's a second rate novelist!"

"It's not art!"

"He can't write!"

"He associates with dangerous elements."

BILL DUNNE

DETROIT RACKETEERS ON THE VOLGA

It is one of the most amazing incongruities of the present period that in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, standing at the opposite pole from the United States in every economic and political and social sense, a section of the American underworld in all its most dramatic criminal aspects was transplanted for a time into one of the new huge manufacturing cities of the Soviet Union and existed for a number of months.

American credits, American technique and American technical instructors carried with them in this instance a campaign whose face is only too familiar to the masses of the great industrial centers of the United States—American gangsterism and racketeering.

Stalingrad, on the Volga, where is located Tractorstroi, one of the basic units of the Five Year Plan, with a capacity of 50,000 tractors per year, part of a gigantic industrial development stretching for some 15 miles along this great inland waterway, has witnessed the invasion of Yankee gangsters and racketeers, sections of its populace have been terrorized by them, it has seen American automobiles tearing along the highways in the dead of night, loaded with contraband liquor, it has seen bootlegging, gambling and prostitution combined into a single ring of profit-paying vice organized and administered by Americans in the best—or worst—American style.

The story really begins in Detroit—the city which in the last year and a half, since the crusade against Al Capone and his fellow racketeers in Chicago—the usual prelude to an election campaign in Illinois—has been established the secondary headquarters for the most powerful and vicious section of the underworld. Tractorstroi needed highly skilled American mechanics. The factory, costing \$30,000,000 was completed; hundreds of thousands of acres of the fertile black loam of the Ukraine were waiting for tractors.

A recruiting campaign, intended to secure some three hundred and fifty skilled workers from the Ford and General Motors factories in Detroit was begun.

With a naivete which is astounding on the part of those in charge, the labor recruiting was handed over to some five or six so-called "Key men"—American technicians picked more or less at random.

These people promptly arranged things so that their friends, who might be in trouble with the authorities, or out of employment because of industrial depression, could take part in the remunerative adventure of a trip to the Soviet Union. Even two ex-policemen were hired as operators and "instructors" for special machines.

The minimum salaries specified in the contracts were \$350 per month, ranging upward to \$10,000 per year. One-third to one-half the salaries were to be paid in roubles, the balance in American currency. Transportation was furnished both ways by the Soviet Government. Wives and children could be taken along if desired.

A large percentage of the racketeer type of "worker" was recruited for Tractorstroi. "Business is bad in the U. S. Why not see what the racket is like in the land of the Reds?" The American consul in Riga, certainly no friend of the Soviet Union, seeing some of this contingent coming thru, said to newspapermen: "I am afraid that these people are not going to reflect any credit on the United States." He was wiser than he knew.

Special preparations had been made in Stalingrad for the American technicians. As part of the whole development in this great new industrial area on the lower Volga, a city of apartment houses, consisting of three, four and five room flats, had been built. In the very best of these, fully modern with heating, electric light and gas, bathrooms and kitchens, the Americans were housed.

A regular American colony was established, with its own restaurant. It had its own store, supplied with the best food, tobacco, clothing, wine, etc., that the Soviet Union could furnish. The Americans elected their own village committee—composed mostly of members of the Ku Klux Klan, a branch of which was established immediately, a special room being set aside for its use in one of the apartments. A functioning Masonic lodge was set up and became the actual political center of the colony.

It is no exaggeration to say that these Americans actually succeeded in doing something unheard of before in Russia—applying in practice the theory of extra-territoriality. Having successfully, in the first local Soviet elections demanded and obtained the American procedure of the secret (Australian) Ballot, the racketeers began operations.

In one of the apartments a gambling house was installed. It was equipped with the minimum requirements of the regular American establishment of this kind—tables for draw and stud poker and crap table. The personnel of the racketeer gambling house was organized rapidly. There were plenty of willing candidates for the jobs of bouncers, dealers, "cappers." The percentage taken by the establishment from all games was high enough to pay good wages to the staff. Since, contrary to the case in the United States, there was no police protection to be paid, profits were high indeed.

Time hung heavy on the hands of most of the Americans since, not knowing the language of the country, and being unwilling to learn it, they would have found it hard to take part in any of the social activities of the Russian workers, even if they had been so inclined. The gambling house enjoyed a large steady patronage. It was not uncommon for it to remain open night and day for a week at a time with the games going full blast while forty or fifty Americans spent their time and money there, never going to the Tractor plant for days at a time. A cultural and technical club organized especially for the Americans was attended by a small minority.

The Soviet Authorities unwittingly provided the racketeers, who by this time were well organized and in absolute control of the American colony, with a further opportunity for extending their operations and tapping new sources of illicit gain. The authorities for obvious reasons, had prohibited the sale of vodka in the American store in Tractorstroi. It was available in Stalingrad some ten miles away—but only in limited quantities and only at certain hours. Beer, wine and cognac were to be had at the American store. But beer and wine are drinks of too little alcoholic content for the hardiest guzzlers of the underworld; and cognac was too expensive, costing from two to three times as much as vodka. A sense of economy, and the undoubted preference of their clientele for strong drink, furnished the promise of immense profit for the next venture in American racketeering in the Volga steppes.

Connections were established with some of the Volga boatmen

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITE
INDUSTRIAL SPARK
 NOVEMBER 3, 1930
 No 2
 PRICE 3 KOPEKS
 EDITORIAL OFFICE
 MAIN BUILDING, TRACTOR PLANT
 STALINGRAD

With an iron broom sweep the Colony of undesirables!

SUPPORT AND HELP TO CONSCIOUS WORKERS DISCHARGE—THE DRUNKARDS AND BUMS

ORDER No 221

ADMINISTRATION OF THE TRACTOR PLANT

Every American worker and specialist signing the agreement with Tractorstroi pledged himself to carry out his duties with all integrity and knowledge of the business and in accordance to Tractorstroi instructions. By being added to the list of the hired worker will appear in the register of the plant and will be subject to the discipline of the plant. According to our contract before signing the date of the latter without obligation for payment of any kind of compensation.

In spite of that, the plant administration states that on the level with conscientious execution of the contract by the greatest majority of American workers and specialists, the individual persons mentioned below were unsuccessful in carrying out their obligations and they not only have broken the contract, but also corrupted the trust of the eyes of the wide circles of the specialists and workers of the plant. Besides as well as Americans.

Therefore, on the basis of § 21 of the contract, from November 1st 1930 the undersigned persons:

1) Martin-Plant — setter up of the tool shop—discharged for drunkenness, absence.

2) McCallister—Assistant foreman of the machine shop for negligent absence and absence.

3) Schuler-Carman — fly foreman of the machine shop for systematic absence and absence.

4) Blum—foreman of the tool shop — for negligence in his work.

5) Blum—foreman of the tool shop — for drunkenness, care playing and absence.

6) Stevenson—foreman of the lathe heat-treating Dept for drunkenness and absence.

7) Weaver—foreman of the tool shop—for absence and drunkenness.

8) Weaver—foreman of the tool shop—for negligence in his work.

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INDUSTRIAL SPARK

WORKERS OF THE WORLD, UNITED

NOVEMBER 3, 1930

No 2

PRICE 3 KOPEKS

EDITED BY THE NEWSPAPERS „DAJOSH TRACTOR“ AND „BORJBA“ UNDER COLLABORATION OF THE AMERICAN CULTURAL TECHNICAL SOCIETY

EDITORIAL OFFICE:
MAIN BUILDING, TRACTOR PLANT
Page 25

With an iron broom sweep the Colony of undesirables!

SUPPORT AND HELP TO CONSCIOUS WORKERS DISCHARGE—THE DRUNKARDS AND BUMS

According to the order № 221 thirteen American specialists have been discharged from the Stalingrad Tractor plant on account of drinking, neglect of duty and laying off work. Thirteen workers, having lost proletarian consciousness, have been dismissed from our working family on account of the harmful violence of the faith and trust, we had in them.

By doing this the proletarian power has clearly shown to the toiling masses that in dealing either with Russians or foreigners, it tends to prevent stealing people's money by the men having named themselves workers, who rather than work choose to spend their time in drinking, gambling and other disorderly practices.

As it has been especially stressed in the order the majority of the American comrades attentively regard the duty imposed on them and try to do the best of their ability to help the Soviet proletarian in its effort to attain knowledge of new engineering, for which it is striving.

Our support and fraternal help to conscious workers.

Discharge—the drunkards and bums.

ORDER № 221

ADMINISTRATION OF THE TRACTOR PLANT

Every American worker and specialist signing the agreement with Tractorstroi pledged himself to carry out his duties with all attention and knowledge of the business and in accordance to Tractorstroi Instructions. (Is 2) being advised that **if the hired worker will appear to be negligent or incompetent in carrying out his duties according to our contract or in case of indecent behaviour Tractorstroi has right to stop the power of our contract before expiry date of the latter without obligation for payment of any kind of compensation.** (Is 2).

In spite of this, the plant administration states that on the level with conscientious execution of the contract by the greatest majority of American workers and specialists, the individual persons mentioned below were unconscious in carrying out their obligations and they not only have broken the contract, but also compromised themselves in the eyes of the wide circles of the specialists and workers of the plant, Russian as well as American.

Therefore, on the base of № 21 of the contract I discharge from November 1st 1930 the undermentioned persons.

1) **Marlin-Plant** — setter up of the tool-shop—discharged for drunkenness, absence,

card-playing and opening the gambling table with sale of alcohol at his apartment.

2) **Mellen**—Assistant Manager of the forgo shop.

3) **Baske**—Turner of the machine-shop.

4) **Blake**—Moulder.

5) **Daubner Brothers**—setters up for lathe and milling machines of the tool-shop—

for systematic drunkenness, card-playing and absence.

6) **Mc Colister**—Assistant foreman of the machine-shop for fooliganism, drunkenness and absence.

7) **Schuler-Lorans** — lay foreman of the machine shop for systematic absence and incapability to run his work.

8) **Beleger Mika**—setter up of the lathe of the whole machine-shop—for absence and negligence in his work.

9) **Diet**—Grinder of the tool shop — for drunkenness, card playing and absence.

10) **Stevenson**—foreman of the lathe heat-treating dept—for drunkenness and absence.

11) **Vonsal**—grinder of the tool shop—for absence and drunkenness.

12) **Kramarenko**—Working on repair of machines, discharged as unfitted for his position.

Signed—Assistant Directors:

SHIRKOV.

AWAY WITH THOSE DISGRACING THE COLONY SAY HO-NEST AMERICAN WORKERS

Lyming. The Americans have been treated in Russia better than any place in America. All the Americans, who get drunk or do not stay on the job, should be deported. In America if you are not sober, and do not stay on the job, you will be discharged right away, immediately. The Russians have been more lenient with the Americans than any American would have been.

Hubenst. If the American does not do the job, he is supposed to die,—ship him off. Why should the Russians keep him and pay his salaries?

Hamilton. The only regret is that they have not been sent back long ago. They were a disgrace for all the Americans in the colony.

Money. In my opinion the discharging of Americans for drunkenness and absence from work by the Administration of Tractorstroi is a step taken in the right direction, in cleaning the Colony of undesirables.

American comrades!

Front page of the Tractorstroi factory paper after the expulsion of the American racketeers.



THE MINERS ARE STARVING IN THE "RICHEST" COUNTRY IN THE WORLD

William Gropper

—individuals more or less organized in a loose fashion who have been making and selling vodka illegally both before and since the overthrow of the Tsar. Three or four delivery points were set up on the banks of the Volga at convenient spots or in Stalingrad proper. Some of the racketeers had brought speedy Chevrolet and Chrysler cars with them and these were utilized for transporting the contraband.

In the heyday of this traffic it was not uncommon for from fifteen to twenty of the American technical force to be drunk and incapable for days at a time and not go near the factory. At other times, they would go to work in an intoxicated or half-mad condition following a drunken orgy. Through meaningless and contradictory instructions to the Russian machine workers, delivered through translators whose knowledge of English was slight—their knowledge of American slang and technical jargon being still less—they managed to put out of commission a number of the most costly and complicated machines they were supposed to teach the Russian workers to operate. For months there was never a day in which some section of this tremendous plant was not completely shut down as a result of these breakages and by actual sabotage.

The factory committee of the All-Soviet Union Metal workers' union was always meeting and considering the situation in regard to the American "comrades" but always the American committee had some plausible explanation. There was little if any investigation of, or serious attempt to control the American colony for a long time. What was too obvious to be overlooked was apparently believed to be inseparable from Americans and American technique. The huge plant had to be placed on a production basis and American technicians were needed. The greatest patience must be used in the relations with the Americans who were such "able technicians."

The patience of the Soviet workers with foreigners is at all times almost unbelievable—yet there are limits. But matters went

from bad to worst. With little interference from the Soviet authorities, the factory committee or the factory administrations, the racketeers became bolder. Through the good offices of one of the translators, a Frenchman who had been in the United States, South America and Canada as a race-track tout, a hanger-on of circuses and carnival companies, connections were made with prostitutes in Rostov-on-Don. A large number of them were brought to Stalingrad to supply the wants of the American colony. How far the Red Militia were aware of these occurrences it is difficult to say, since it is possible that they may have had instructions not to interfere with moral matters concerning the American colony during the strenuous period of preparing Tractorstroi for mass production. It seems clear, however, that the militia could have put a stop to these abuses at any time had they so desired, as they did later.

Developments followed typical American racketeering lines. From single houses of ill fame, these various illicit centers, both in the American colony proper and in Stalingrad, took on other functions. They began to sell vodka furnished by the racketeers, and both Americans, who were not members of the racketeering clique, and some Russians, were systematically fleeced by various well-known methods. When vodka and feminine cajolery failed, the notorious "strong-arm" tactics were employed.

Americans and Russians were badly beaten in these resorts and on their way home from them. Several were found along the highway in the early morning, their heads bleeding and their money gone.

Moral infection spreads more rapidly than physical diseases, although at one time 75 per cent of the American workers in the colony had venereal disease in one form or another, according to the hospital reports. It was not long before the racketeers became bolder. They told each other that all Russian women were actual or potential prostitutes, and they became dissatisfied with the professionals they had imported. They began to frequent the Stalingrad parks and boulevards. Finding a Russian worker



THE MINERS ARE STARVING IN THE "RICHEST" COUNTRY IN THE WORLD

William Gropper



THE MINERS ARE STARVING IN THE "RICHEST" COUNTRY IN THE WORLD

William Gropper

alone with his wife or sweetheart, one or more would assault him while the others would try to carry off the woman. A number of desperate struggles took place in the parks and in most of them the racketeers got the worst of it. But no one was arrested at this stage. Instead the militia issued an order prohibiting the use of certain sections of the parks and boulevards after dark. Nothing could be a higher tribute to the restraint and discipline of the Soviet workers than the mere fact that a number of these gangster elements were not killed outright.

With this avenue of adventure closed, the racketeers clique devised a still more degraded scheme—one which promised profit as well as amusement. Through the versatile Frenchman, arrangements were made with some of the prostitutes to furnish a number of young girls who were actually housed in the American colony and hired out to those inmates who desired them. There is at least one authenticated instance where a girl of sixteen was brought to the colony and ravished by more than one American. She remained hidden for a day afterward, and unable to find her clothes, dressed herself in the shirt, trousers and overcoat of one of her assailants and tried to leave the colony. She was promptly arrested as a thief on the testimony of some of the gangsters and was about to be sent to prison when the decent element in the American colony revolted, in the face of actual physical danger, from the gangsters, and protested.

It was then revealed that, having control of the colony, and being the best organized section in it, the gangsters, supported by the Ku Klux Klan elements, had been terrorizing those Americans who disapproved of the transference of a section of the Detroit underworld to Tractorstroi.

The terrorism took three forms; First, the forcible seizing of insurgents at night, taking them down to the banks of the Volga, beating them cruelly and releasing them with the threat of death for the next offense. Second, the compilation of a list of all the American workers who were not American born, and the furnishing of this list, with comment on their activities while in the Soviet Union, to the American Department of Labor and Immigration, to prevent their return to the United States. Third, the conveying of false information as to the character and technical competency of those Americans who opposed them, to the factory administration and Soviet authorities. So skilfully was this latter method employed that the actual composition of the gangster clique was for a while successfully concealed from the factory management. In other words, some of the Americans who took no part in the gangsterism and racketeering were believed by the factory management to bear a share of the responsibility.

A typical incident, which revealed the widening gap between the decent elements and the racketeers and their following, occurred when one of the American workers—a Catholic—died. The Ku Klux Klan elements, supported by the organized gangsters, apparently determined to assert their authority in the colony over all affairs, funerals included. They seized the body and attempted to carry out the funeral exercises by themselves. They held the body for two days. But the deceased had left a statement saying that he wished certain of his friends, who had nothing to do with the racketeers, to take charge of the ceremonies. The Soviet authorities intervened and the body was turned over to his friends.

The final act of the gangsters, and one which brought about the investigation resulting in a clean-up, was the attack on a Negro worker named Robinson—the only Negro in the colony. He was assaulted and beaten almost to death by two Americans—Brown and Lewis. The assault was entirely unprovoked and of the same lynching character for which the United States is notorious. Brown and Lewis were given the full support of the racketeers and one of the leading members of the Ku Klux Klan organization acted as their defending counsel.

But here was a definite *political* issue of a high order and the racketeers had not counted on the storm that was aroused. Not only was there a strong and growing opposition to them in the American colony proper—many of the wives of other Americans were protesting against their atrocious acts and the systematic debauching of decent workmen—but the Soviet constitution is rigidly definite on the rights and privileges of the colored races and national minorities.

The trial of Lewis and Brown brought to light many of the facts set forth above but many others were revealed by the searching investigation that was demanded by the honest elements of the American colony and in which they actively assisted.

It was discovered for instance that the racketeers, securing

food, clothing, shoes, tobacco, etc., at co-operative prices (some forty to sixty per cent lower than the prices in the open market) had been bartering these commodities to the illicit distillers for vodka at the open (speculative) market prices and then retailing the vodka. Many of the prostitutes were being paid in the same way and the profits of these transactions were enormous. It was likewise discovered that most of the proceeds of the various rackets had finally passed into the hands of two or three individuals, that a struggle for power was developing along American gangster lines, with the inevitable result of preparation for the settlement of the issue by violent methods.

Lewis was sent back to the United States after the trial; Brown, being younger and deemed less culpable, was pardoned by President Kalinin at the request of the Metal Workers' union. But the affairs of the American colony had been brought into the light of day. The investigation proceeded with the help of a number of Americans who seized the opportunity for deliverance from the gangster terror.

The Tractorstroi factory paper (issue No. 2, reproduced here) for November 7, contained a list of fourteen names of Americans who were to be sent back to the States, and the reasons for their discharge—ranging from drunkenness and failure to work in accord with their contracts to gambling and other forms of gangsterism and racketeering.

They left for Moscow on the ninth of November; and if one wishes a final comment on their reputation among the honest American workers it is to be found in the request of one very competent worker, whose wife was going back to the States and leaving on the same train with the fourteen undesirables. He approached a group of American Communist journalists who had been in Stalingrad and said with considerable embarrassment: "I have a request to make. You are Americans and gentlemen. My wife has to travel in the same car with this bunch that's being sent out. I want you to promise me to see that she is not molested by these toughs." (Others have since been discharged and sent home.)

The influence of the racketeering clique is destroyed in Tractorstroi. But it will be a long time before the estimate of Americans will change in the surrounding countryside, where the saying now is that a "sober American is worse than a drunken Kulak."

The result of the experience of the management of Tractorstroi with American racketeering is such that, although much American machinery is still being purchased, the tendency now is to increase the purchase of English and German equipment and to give preference to English and continental skilled workers and technicians. There can be little doubt the careless hiring of gangster elements and racketeers posing as mechanics, and the damage resulting therefrom in the delay in operations of the Tractorstroi plant, has cost the Soviet government a large sum. It has been an expensive lesson but the methods by which it has been learned—both disgusting and dramatic—is an assurance that the mistakes will not be repeated. There will be no more random selection of American skilled workers and technicians and the cultural work among foreign workers in Soviet industry is now on an organized basis. They have the right to take part in the Soviet elections and to hold office. But these rights correctly carry with them certain *duties* which will be insisted upon.

The former racketeer colony in Tractorstroi was not typical of American workers in the Soviet Union. Most of them work well and many of them belong to the shock brigades—these Communist efficiency groups which have amazed the capitalist world. Nevertheless, the Stalingrad outrages show clearly one of the many reasons why the Soviet government must be on guard constantly even in what on the surface appears to be one of the simplest processes in connection with the carrying out of the "Five Year Plan in Four Years"—that of hiring skilled foreign workers.

Union

Not me alone—

I know now—

But all the whole oppressed

Poor world,

White and black,

Must put their hands with mine

To shake the pillars of those temples

Wherein the false gods dwell

And the worn-out altars stand

Too well defended.

LANGSTON HUGHES.



"I-I B-b-eg Your Pardon...."

Jacob Burck

The Wickersham Report, somewhat surprised at the violation of liberty in America, has: "deemed it to be its duty to lay the facts—the naked ugly facts—of the existing abuses before the public in the hope that the pressure of public condemnation may be so aroused that the conduct so violative of the fundamental principles of constitutional liberty as that described, may be entirely abandoned."

BORIS PILNYAK

FAREWELL TO AMERICA

From ancient ruins archaeologists sometimes unearth primitive stone images of women and marvel at their beauty, the lines of their bodies, the perfection of their appearance. But if, while the archaeologist marvels at his discovery, a tiny ant should begin to crawl across the face of the stone beauty, this ant would see something entirely different from the loveliness which thrilled the scientist. The ant would simply crawl along the stone, from crevice to crevice, from valley to valley, from mountain to mountain. The same would happen if the beautiful woman were not inanimate stone but were walking down Fifth Avenue in the flesh. A man, startled by the beauty of this woman, might stop in the street to admire her; a mosquito crawling down her cheek at this moment, would see hills of face-powder; to the insect this cheek would be the red desert of Arizona, and if by chance it should crawl into her nostril, the insect would feel as if it had fallen into the crater of a live volcano.

This lyrical introduction seeks to show that in order to appreciate beauty we must measure up to it and that everything in this world is relative.

There is a strange land where miracles happen. In this land there are at the same time icy blizzards and burning sandstorms; deserts lie next to oceans; winter and summer, spring and fall flourish simultaneously; arctic and tropical regions lie side by side. In this strange land English, French, African, German and American villages and cities stand next to each other and in the streets of the villages and cities peoples of all races and classes walk about in costumes for every season of the year. Next to a duke walks a Negro, next to a naked Indian walks a man in a fur coat; a Hindu in loin cloth talks to an American aviator.

This strange land is called Hollywood. Behind the high walls of the Hollywood film lots (the walls are carefully guarded—"industrial secrets") there are certain houses that look like barracks. Inside there are long corridors on each side of which are small rooms which look like solitary confinement cells in a prison. Each of these cells contains a chair, a table, another chair, a typewriter, and a telephone—and nothing else. In these cells, from nine in the morning until five in the evening, there sit people who do nothing; their legs are propped on the table or the window sill or slung over the back of the second chair. Sometimes several of these people get together and talk. These people with their legs in the air are writers working for the film companies of Hollywood.

The writers are collected from various parts of the country. Somewhere a young man or young woman has written a book, which has attracted attention; this young writer received a telegram: "you are to live and work in Hollywood for so many dollars for so many years, handing over all your writings to such and such a firm." Indeed, Hollywood is the land of unlimited possibilities, the firm argues; the young writer shows some talent; perhaps he will amount to something some day; it is better to buy him now than to pay him three times as much later; and it is better if he works for us rather than for our competitors.

But these writers are not invited to studios to write, to create. Each firm has its own writers and "creators" in addition to the writers in the solitary confinement cells.

A film may be born thus: special readers in the employ of a movie company read the new novels and plays and recommend those which they think are suitable for filming. Summaries of these novels and plays eventually reach the supervisors who have the power to say "O.K.!" and to set the wheels of the movie firm in motion. What appears on the screen bears only the remotest resemblance to the original novel or play.

There is another way in which a film may be born: special

Editors Note:—This year the interest in the Soviet Union is colossal. Suddenly too, the American literary world discovered Boris Pilnyak. It swept him into a life he had never seen: literary teas, mass interviews, photographs, the publicity racket, Hollywood. Otto Kahn offers to introduce him to Al Capone. A movie magnate tries to tell him what is going on in the Soviet Union. Pilnyak, talented Soviet writer was a great success here. If he enjoyed it at all, he owes it to the Soviet workers: for the revolution which gave him something to say, and for the success of the Five Year Plan which made America willing to hear what he had to say. Before leaving the United States, Pilnyak left behind him the following paper containing some impressions of his stay here.

inventors on the staff of the film company patch together various ideas; they invent the scenes that are to appear on the screen; they describe the milieu of the action, the country and period in which it takes place; they specify what the villain shall be like. The hero and heroine, of course, are always the same; everybody knows them; they are never more than 25 years old. These inventors convey their ideas directly to the supervisor. When a theme has been approved they begin to write the story, the treatment, the scenario and to prepare for the actual filming. Sometimes advisers are called in from the outside. Suppose a writer is familiar with the life of sailors at sea. He is asked to read certain books, to write out suggestions for improving the scenario. Fear of competing film companies surrounds the whole procedure with

an almost childlike secrecy. The tentative drafts of the story are slugged with mysterious titles which are changed as frequently as the secret code of conspirators. The writer called in for advice writes. Will his name appear on the screen? Not necessarily. His suggestions or his story will be corrected by the supervisor and the director. The corrected script will go to a highly-paid well-advertised staff writer whose name has the weight of a trademark. It is this name which will appear on the screen; it will be the name of an "expert" who will take some one else's knowledge of life at sea and pour it into the standard Hollywood mould. Other experts will do the treatment, the dialogue. Thus the final product is the work of many minds, while the screen carries the name of one writer who, in some cases, may have contributed nothing but the advertising value of his name.

Who is the real boss of the movies? Is it the general manager? the supervisor? the director? the stockholder? The movies are an industry, an extraordinary financial organization. Every night in the week Americans pay a voluntary tax to this industry. If you ask the captains of this industry, they will tell you that the real boss of the screen is the average American, the hero of Sinclair Lewis' Main Street. When the supervisor puts his O.K. on a story he often professes to despise the script but excuses himself on the ground that he is compelled, for the sake of the profits which the stockholder demands, to cater to the mythical taste of the "average American."

What is interesting here, however, is not so much the technique of the film industry as other questions which it affects: art, the role of the writer, individualism. Art is creative only when it produces new forms, new ideas, new emotions: when it awakens, not when it stupefies. In order to create, a writer must believe in his work, he must believe in its necessity, in its significance. This, of course, is much more important than money. Recall how many products of genius have been turned out in garrets and in hunger. The writer must be individual and free in his work—and America is proud of its individualism . . .

The writer of this article has had his taste of the movies. One day this spring I received a telegram:—so much money, so much work, to act as adviser on a Russian film; leave New York for Hollywood on such and such a date. I agreed, but although I spent a number of weeks in Hollywood, and participated in a dozen conferences, and made a number of speeches, and re-wrote other peoples scripts, I did not succeed in being an adviser on the Russian film, in the sense that my advice had little effect. I then began to understand why nearly all the writers I met in Hollywood were ironical about the film industry.

When I arrived in Hollywood I was handed the script of a Russian story. The theme, the characters, the situations were invented on the lot by people who knew nothing about Soviet Russia. I was asked (in my capacity as adviser) whether certain situations on which the entire action of the film hinged could possibly happen in contemporary Russia. I replied that such situations



William Hernandez

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE NEXT WORLD WAR.

could not possibly happen. I was told: that is too bad, but we must somehow think up of ways and means to make these situations plausible on the screen because they would appeal to American spectators. Life in the Soviet Union was so falsified to fit a pre-conceived formula as to what constitutes an exciting movie. I replied: of course, it is possible to show on the screen an orange grove blooming in Greenland, but then Greenland would no longer be Greenland. Besides, I said, what was the use of paying me for advice on a Russian film if my knowledge of conditions in my country was disregarded for the sake of the alleged expectations of American movie fans? I did not know at that time that one movie firm had already produced a "Russian" film in which Siberia was decorated with eucalyptus trees . . .

My advice was not very useful and the film is being produced without my participation.

In spite of the prevalence of prohibition and the absence of bootleggers, Americans, by some miracle, manage to drink no less than other peoples; and writers, even when they work in monastic cells, are writers nevertheless and there is something fatal in their destiny. During a farewell party on my last night in Hollywood, a young movie writer said to me during a discussion of American individualism:

"I'll tell you about individualism: all day I sit in my cell in the writers barracks and write precisely those things which I repudiate at night when I write my novels. At home I have only a sheet of paper, a typewriter and a head which the day's work has exhausted; while the film industry has a tremendous organization, machinery, millions of dollars, and claims to have 24,000,000 fans. My individualism butts its head in vain against this vast machine, but I must say Hollywood pays me good money and that settles the matter."

It was this aspect of American "individualism" which I saw in Hollywood . . .

From Hollywood I travelled to New York in a Ford. I went through quiet states, Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana. The sun was burning, the roads were deserted. Once we approached the little town of G . . . on the border of Texas and Oklahoma and I beheld the incredible. Traffic was as thick as in New York. It was im-

possible to walk or ride through it. The cars carried license plates from many states, some even from Canada. Trucks, Packards, Fords, Chryslers, Chevrolets, Buicks were crawling, bounding, flying along the road between the towns of G . . . and L . . .

We had come across an oil rush. Whether there was really any oil there I do not know, but oil stock was already being sold, land was being bought from Negro farmers and offered at higher prices. Who knows, today you pay a dollar for a square foot of land, tomorrow it may be worth a hundred (or you may lose your investment!)

And so the automobiles were flying along the roads to buy, sell and organize; they were jammed with people anxious to become millionaires over night. Everybody was in a hurry; everybody was afraid he might be too late; everybody was bluffing everybody else.

The anxious passengers in the automobiles could see the wells which had already been sunk, the shafts rising to the hot blue sky; they could see the engineers drilling. Houses and shacks were being built rapidly along the road; trucks were rushing supplies to the new town that was to rise over night. Negroes were offering their land for sale in the streets, and some of them, with their derbies pushed back over sweating foreheads, were peddling stock to the occupants of the automobiles dreaming of millions. The grass in the fields of Negro farmers was crushed under the rubber tires of the cars. In one place workers were setting up a merry-go-round, a shooting gallery, and the other trappings of an amusement park. Bootleggers and prostitutes were plying their trades briskly. The earth was opened for gaspipes and electric wires. Men—rich and poor alike—too much in a hurry to wait for the wooden houses to be built had already set up tents in which they had settled for the time being with their wives and children.

The automobiles kept coming, jammed with people who came to make their pile. The oil town was sweltering in the early summer heat of Texas. From various tents came the shrill voice of the radio. Some of the incoming speculators had sold all their belongings back home. They had staked all their possessions in the world on this oil rush; perhaps they would come out of it penniless, perhaps rich.

They came in a terrible hurry to make money, these individualists . . .

A hundred miles beyond L . . . we again rode past the silence of Negro fields, Negro poverty, Negro toil.

. . . From ancient ruins archaeologists sometime unearth primitive stone images of women and marvel at their beauty; but if an ant should begin to crawl across the face of the stone beauty, it would see something entirely different from the loveliness which thrills the scientist; it would simply crawl along a vast expanse of stone, from crevice to crevice, from valley to valley, from mountain to mountain. From the tower of the Empire State Building one sees New York, a beautiful, striking, indescribable city, the only one of its kind in the world, extraordinary in its architecture, overwhelming in its power. To a European looking down at this city, it seems more of a dream than a reality—a dream which cannot be compared with anything except perhaps the fragment of a memory of a childhood fantasy about the biblical city of Babylon. But this mythical Babylon of childhood imagination none of us has ever seen, while here from the roof of a skyscraper we see below us in the world of reality an inhuman city, monstrous, overwhelming and beautiful.

A man standing in the tower of the Empire State is on a level with the beauty, the unique grandeur of New York. But when he walks along the streets (or rides in an automobile, it makes no difference) New York is a terrible city, the most terrible city in the world, whether one looks at it from Park Avenue or the Bowery; a city which inhales not air but gasoline; whose streets are barren, without grass or trees; a city that looms up towards the sky like an enormous smoke stack.

It is impossible for a man to live here, just as it is impossible to ride along the streets of the city in an automobile. Streets of this city are filled with the greatest number of the world's automobiles riding on top of each other.

The man who, figuratively, stands on top of the skyscraper and looks down on the metropolis where he enjoys wealth and power may indeed feel the grandeur of that individualism, of which one hears so much and which for him, at any rate, must have some meaning; but in this world, where everything is relative, what a different picture the metropolis must present to the millions of ants who crawl from crevice to crevice along its stone body.

SEPTEMBER, 1931



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THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE NEXT WORLD WAR.

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FROM A COMMUNIST DAUGHTER

(To Her Father, an Oklahoma Pioneer)

Editors Note:—A Communist Organizer in the Southwest, came upon this letter by chance while in Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Father:

I haven't heard from you since you were in the hospital with your back hurt. I hope by this time that you are fully recovered. Has the company paid you anything? But I realize there is no need to ask this as I feel sure they have not paid and will not pay.

I can not understand why you have not written to me unless it is because you have disowned me because of my political views. If you really understood what the Communist Party stands for and what it is fighting for, you would not be so opposed to me. On the contrary, I am convinced, knowing you, as I do, that you would join and help us with all your energy to carry on our work.

How is Marvin? I am so sorry about his being sick. You know, Father, Marvin's sickness only serves to make me more rebellious, more convinced that we Communists are right. Since Mother died, the boys have not had any care at all. They have eaten anything, regardless of how it affected their health. When you were working nights they did not get the rest they needed. It is no wonder Marvin is sick now. Of course, it is not your fault; you could not be Father and Mother both. You have worked like a galley slave every day, even Sundays, year in and year out without one day off.

In the Soviet Union this could not have happened. The welfare and health of children is the government's greatest concern and this being so, they are given expert care whether their parents are living or not. Had we been living in Soviet Russia, Marvin would have been on a special diet all these years and you would have worked only seven hours a day, five days a week and gotten vacations with pay. And if you got sick or worn out you would get the rest at a pleasant resort at the expense of the government.

In this, the richest country in the world, the health of children is important only in song and poetry, in theory, but not in practice. President Hoover hypocritically sets aside one day a year as "Child Health Day" but opposes the passage of an unemployment insurance bill which would assure better health for millions of children throughout the whole year. We read about Rotary club members throwing eggs at each other while at the same time children are suffering because of lack of nourishment. This is what capitalism is.

Father, you know how patriotic I was during the war. I was so proud of you when you tried three times in vain to enlist. You remember how proud I was when I wore your National Guard hat to school? I even used to wear khaki skirts and blouses in order to feel and look like a soldier. I even had a fight with a girl at school when she made fun of the National Guards. When I won the prize for the best four minute speech on the fourth Liberty Loan, we were both very proud. We believed, like millions of others, that the war was to make the world safe for democracy, that the boys who so gallantly went across to be butchered were doing so to protect the liberty of our country.

Father, I wonder if you still believe this. I wonder if you can not see through the fraud of it all, if you have not learned yet what the war was really fought for? To safe-guard the millions and the markets of the Wall Street profiteers. The common people of both sides suffered, sacrificed and died during those four years of slaughter, but the financiers and capitalists coined huge funds out of the untold agony and oceans of bloodshed.

Knowing this, it is impossible for me now to feel as I did in 1917 and certainly you must see it this way too. It is so plain, so clear, so indisputable. How can you help but see it, but agree with me?

Old men who have given the best of their lives and energy to build up this country are regarded as worthless after they have passed 50. You are considered very fortunate, because at your age you still have the opportunity to work. You came to Oklahoma when it was opened up in 1889. You began to work when you were just a kid. You helped to form the wild Oklahoma prairies into one of the richest states in the nation. You were always patriotic and law-abiding. You worked hard all the time piling up fortunes for the railroads. You even gave your left arm for the M. O. & G. and were too foolishly kind to sue them.

Yet, in another couple of years, when you are considered too old to work, they will throw you on to the streets and then neither

these railroads or the government will do anything for you. This is another example of what the capitalist system does for working people.

Do you realize, Father, that people are starving while at the same time new warehouses are being built to store the surplus food, especially wheat? The main problem of the capitalists is how to get rid of the surplus products while the main problem of the millions of starving unemployed is how to get some of this "over-production." Can't you see it is an insane system?

I think I really began to see the folly of this system when I wanted so badly to go to high school and couldn't attend without the whole family sacrificing too much. As conditions stand, no matter how ambitious or intelligent a boy or girl is, if the family is large, it is nearly impossible to get an education.

In Soviet Russia, every child has a chance for higher education if he desires it and is capable.

You remember how we used to think the Bolsheviks were dirty and ignorant? Well, the opposite is true. The leaders are amongst the most intelligent high-minded and self-sacrificing people I have ever met. I was fortunate enough to be one of the students at a Communist school in Kansas City this spring and the two instructors were about the best educated and finest people I ever met. The students also were splendid, high-minded sincere types. I spent the most pleasant and instructive month of my life at this school. It is a great pleasure to be with and talk to these new friends of mine who have something real to talk about.

Father, you would see things differently if you could come here for a visit and talk to some of the comrades. They are anxious to meet you. You must not be ashamed of me but proud instead, because I am doing my best to help bring about a system which will make life a pleasure for the workers instead of the torture it now is.

You remember how strong and enthusiastic a Republican I used to be? Well, I put this enthusiasm to real use now, as the politics I am now interested in is a world movement for the emancipation of the workers.

Some people think there are only foreigners in the Communist Party. I suppose you think the same thing. This is not so. Many 100% Americans who used to boast of their native ancestry are joining the Communist Party. They are beginning to realize that the workers have been fooled too long, that it is necessary and time to make a change.

Father, I hope you have had the patience to read all this and that you will not just put aside what I have said with impatience, but will really think it over.

You must come to visit me soon as I am anxious to see you and talk to you and I want you to meet my new friends and comrades of the Communist movement.

Love to all the boys.

Kansas City, Kansas.

Your daughter, M. P.

Those Ungrateful Masses

*You give them a job; 16 hours a day,
Small coins that clink in their ragged pants;
You talk to them, too, in a fatherly way,
Tell them about that chance to advance—*

*And do they act peaceable, decent-like?
No—they shake their fists and go out on strike!*

*You tell them production has reached such a pitch
That every laboring sonofabitch
Must pay for his labor by starving to death—
You tell them that dying's good for the breath,*

*And do they succumb by gradual stages?
No—they meet and holler for WORK OR WAGES!*

*In the summer of course they drop like fleas,
In the winter they stiffen, and moan, and freeze;
The t. b. gets them, and every disease
We've discovered for them in our efforts to please—*

*And do they welcome this clever solution?
NO—THEY ORGANIZE FOR REVOLUTION!*

HERMAN SPECTOR.



O'neil and Grey, two of the three Negro workers murdered by Chicago police. Drawings made at the funeral by Mitchel Siporin.

CHICAGO DEMONSTRATION by GEORGE ROBBINS

In Chicago, on August 3rd, three Negro workers were murdered in cold blood. They were part of a demonstration in front of a building in the "black belt" where an old Negress had been evicted from her flat for failure to pay rent. When the crowd became too demonstrative, and proceeded to move the furniture of the woman back into the building, a police squad, brandishing revolvers, fired point-blank at them. It was no ordinary killing. The blood flowing from the bodies of the three dead black workers flamed the hatred of the demonstrators for the coppers who had become tools of the landlord. A battle broke out; before order was restored, three officers had been severely beaten, one sustaining a fracture of the skull.

The three fatalities aroused bitter feelings in Negro sections. It was becoming increasingly clear even to the most supine among the colored race that, whereas, in times of industrial activity the black man was eagerly hired at a minimum wage scale, conditions were pathetically reversed in days of depression when the Negro worker was promptly fired, evicted from his home in instances where he failed to pay his rent, and legally shot if he protested against the eviction orders of the Municipal Court. That the killings were legal and not to be questioned was emphatically brought out in the *Chicago Tribune* in an editorial called "Good Police Work":

"The police officers who handled the eviction disturbance the other day deserve commendation. In a very difficult situation they acted with firmness and as much moderation as the circumstances permitted. That lives were lost and serious injuries incurred was no fault of theirs. Bad judgement or lack of self-control would have precipitated worse results. These officers met a severe test in a way highly creditable to them and the police department and reassuring to the community."

Social and economic disturbances in the past few years have been attributed either to the stock market or more readily to the Communist Party, and most unanimously, the situation was laid to the "Reds" both by the press and by indignant city officials and realty owners. Most amusing was the opinion expressed by a Mr. Hewitt, statistician for the American Intelligence Federation who in a press interview called Chicago "a battlefield of the Communist Party," and went further to say that "the Negroes don't realize it, but they have been and they will be 'put in the middle' by these Reds as long as they listen to them." Mr. Hewitt, to whom the Fish Congressional report bears as much sanctity as the Holy Scriptures, decries the failure of the state's attorney to prosecute "a single case brought to his attention in which these trouble makers are preaching the overthrow of our government," even though "Illinois has one of the finest sedition laws in the Union."

The rant against the Communists beclouds the real issue. It was easy enough to place the blame on the "radical element" as Mayor Cermak and the realty owners so staunchly persisted in doing, but not so easy to admit that in Chicago there exists, according to a statement of the most conservative Urban League, a

contrast between a Negro 5 per cent of total population against a Negro 16 per cent of the unemployed. Failure to meet rental payments is the natural outgrowth of such a deplorable situation. And the whole thing becomes increasingly pathetic and ridiculous when one reads the opinion of Chief Justice Padden of the Municipal Court on the matter of evictions, after, mind you, the United Charities indicated "an increase of 311 per cent in the number of families applying for relief in the last six months" and expressed its need for more funds. According to Chief Justice Padden:

"The Municipal Court has no option but to operate under the law in these premises. If an acute situation prevails on the south side it is a matter solely for the charitable and social agencies of the city to settle. Whatever is done to alleviate the situation must be accomplished by private initiative."

Whatever the property owners had to say on the situation was very baldly stated by a Mr. Fleming, chairman of the renting division of the realty board. Said big-hearted Mr. Fleming:

"The real estate men are sympathetic with the situation of the unemployed in the colored belt. We are willing to do what we can to help but it is impossible to compromise with what is strictly a business proposition."

And while the city officials and property owners discussed "measures of relief" a tremendous public funeral, headed by the Communist Party and the International Labor Defense, was accorded Abe Grey and John O'Neil, two of the slain Negroes. What a sight! What a demonstration of working class solidarity: 25,000 white workers in a funeral procession joined by 35 to 40,000 Negro workers, with 50,000 more, both white and black on the line of march! Flanked by six Negro and white workers wearing belts of red cloth, and followed by thousands of others holding wreaths and flaming posters, the two vehicles bearing the coffins moved impressively to a railroad depot where the bodies were held for shipment. What a revelation of working class spirit! From open windows and crowded fire escapes, from every available vantage point came shouts and wild applause as the line of march broke into song—the *Internationale*!

The Negro knows what it is all about. Don't let anyone tell you differently. What is all this talk about the Negro being "put in the middle"? Take one colored woman in the line of march, for instance. She carried a baby in her arms, walked briskly and defiantly, and cried to the heads popping from windows:

"C'mon down, brudders 'n' sisters! Yo ain't losin' nothin'. Yo ain't got nothin' to lose. I ain't bin able to pay m' rent. They took away ma home. C'mon down. God ain't gonna help yo'. Prayers ain't gonna do yo' no good. If yo' don't come down now, yo' is sho' comin' down later."

It was the passionate outcry of a woman who once might have sat in tabernacle praying a hosanna to a deceitful God; a woman whose ancestors worked in the cotton fields and dreamed of emancipation; a woman who refused to turn the other cheek after the one had been slapped.



O'neil and Grey, two of the three Negro workers murdered by Chicago police. Drawings made at the funeral by Mitchel Siporin.

BOOKS

Reviewed by Alberto Morales, John Herrmann, Philip Sterling, Jacob Burck

Mexico, A Study of Two Americas, by Stuart Chase in collaboration with Marian Tyler, illustrated by Diego Rivera, The Macmillan Co. \$3.00.

Mexican Maze, by Carleton Beals with illustrations by Diego Rivera, J. P. Lippincott Co., \$3.00.

The Genius of Mexico, Lectures delivered before the Fifth Seminar in Mexico, 1930, edited by Hubert C. Herring and Katharine Terrill, The Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, N. Y. \$2.50.

Stuart Chase's high-powered tourist guidebook to Mexico (the August choice of the Literary Guild) is the latest magnificent contribution towards a bigger and better muddling of the facts on Mexico, the oppressed mestizo-indigenous masses, and their relation to our own problems and struggle.

Mr. Chase spent a total of five months or so in Mexico, traveling and taking notes. Evidently the country made quite a dramatic impression on him. He is not satisfied, however, to simply record his travel impressions. Oh no, for Mr. Chase is one of our leading "economists." He must needs look up historical-economic references, attempt to analyze the country and its people, drag in a long contrast with the machine-driven inhabitants of Muncie, Ind., draw conclusions and end by giving "naive" advice to all sides (the same Mr. Chase who proposes Made-in-America five-year plans to save a tottering system from its approaching end).

Naturally the job is a mess of superficial glamour (overworked school teachers may forget that it cost them three dollars a copy); it is a Liberal bourgeois hodgepodge of journalistic bunk. It is Mr. Chase on a swell vacation in Mexico (and why shouldn't a leading economist see that his vacations pay for themselves?)

Contrary to what you are likely to conclude from Mr. Chase's book, there is a great deal more to Mexico than the mountains, "crumbling monasteries," artcraft, fiestas and "polite buenas tardes." Those of us who have lived, worked and studied in Mexico City, Veracruz, Oaxaca, the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Chiapas, Hidalgo, Morelos, Jalisco, the northwestern and northeastern border states, the Huasteca region and every other part of Mexico, can never forget the constant struggles being waged by the mestizo-indigenous masses against the poverty, superstition and political demagoguery which enslaves them. We have seen this struggle assume aspects of courageous activity as well as Moctezuma-like vacillation and passiveness.

The history of Mexico is the history of violent class struggle. Together with the members of their only present-day leader—the Mexican Communist Party—the revolutionary workers and peasants are being murdered, tortured, imprisoned and persecuted by a fascist government maintained by Wall Street. But Mr. Chase announces that "... Even imperialism, turning to the long-time view, is a less sinister menace than it used to be."

In brotherly fashion, he advises the present fascist government of Mexico and its crew of intellectuals—who, like so many vultures, are feeding on the carcasses of the victims of the present regime and of over two hundred thousand workers and peasants that gave their lives during the period of 1910-1927—to "Analyze the Yankee invasion, take what is genuinely helpful, boycott the rest ... Be yourself, hombre. And how about consulting a good psychiatrist concerning that inferiority complex? ..."

In the chapter entitled *Cornucopia* (*Horn of Plenty*—get this), Mr. Chase tells you

that "... A representative of one of the great American mining companies in Mexico told me of discharging 3,000 men from a silver district. The company was worried. Would they have to be fed? Was rioting imminent? The fears were groundless; the next day the 3,000 had disappeared. Investigation showed that they had gone back to the corncribs of their villages."

This is typical enough of how Mr. Chase's admiration was excited in Mexico. He buries the fact that brutal government force would have put down any "rioting." He hasn't seen the miners tramping (or riding the lousy second-class railway coaches) back to their impoverished villages, to their illiterate poverty-ridden families after having slaved in the American-owned mines for months and years. When the children of the villages are being jerked away from the "little white schoolhouse" to help their fathers eke out a miserable existence from the primitively-cultivated cornfields, Mr. Chase is writing the notes for the last chapter of his book from an aeroplane speeding him back to his Fifth Avenue office.

The illustrations by Diego Rivera fail to arouse the emotion contained in much of the artist's work. On the other hand, Rivera's seventy-five illustrations in Carleton Beals' *Mexican Maze*, (which, incidentally, is a good example of intelligent book-making with its corn-colored paper, even distribution of illustrations, etc.) are, on the whole, very fine.

Beals' book of Mexican sketches is full of weak points. The style is often verbose, the treatment a bad mixture of melodramatic, sentimental description broken by ineffectual critical analyses. Perhaps his material—the "maze" of Mexican life and violent social struggle—is valuable as a historical document. Even then it must be stripped of many little false quirks and wrappers in which it has been clothed by the observations of a too reformist mind which often out-Mexicans the Mexican "intellectual" in its distorted and exaggerated appraisals of social, human and esthetic values. It is logical that his underestimation of the importance of the growing mass revolutionary struggle led by the underground Mexican Communist Party should be accompanied by such a reactionary statement as

"... It (Mexico) will adopt the factory system. That system is inevitable. But it is a system which can only be successfully implanted by foreigners wielding foreign capital."

When has imperialist finance industrialized its colonies or semi-colonies? When will Mr. Beals learn that only a successful workers' and peasants' revolutionary government can and will create a sound national economy?

The series of lectures delivered before the Fifth Seminar in Mexico in 1930 and recently published by the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America in a volume entitled *The Genius of Mexico* make pretty dry reading. Most of the lectures were delivered by Mexican "intellectuals" more interested in holding their jobs through the well-known Spanish-Mexican practice of "fondling the boss's beard" than in revealing how little they know or care about Mexico's social problems. Two bright spots stand out in the book: a short lecture on Mexican painting and its social (political) background by Diego Rivera (who can write like this while he supports and works for a Fascist government) and a summary by Carleton Beals in one of his healthier moods during which he at least comes to the point with the declaration that "The Mexican people are again facing the betrayal by the present regime."

ALBERTO MORALES.



Gilberto Crespo.

FOR A WORKERS AND PEASANTS GOVERNMENT!



Gilberto Crespo.
**FOR A WORKERS AND PEASANTS
GOVERNMENT!**

Honest Autobiography

Dawn, An autobiography of Early Youth, by Theodore Dreiser, Horace Liveright. \$5.00

The stock complaint against the writing of Theodore Dreiser seems to be that he hits the typewriter keys with mittens on. The aesthetes and Broadway socialists are offended by grammatical slips and lack of poetical and refined metaphor. They are inclined also to raise their noses at the honest and therefore often brutal subject matter of his books.

As long as it is a novel by Dreiser that the arbiters of taste in American reviewing rackets have under their hammers they are able to refrain to some extent from poo-pooing the subject matter. (They, of course, never can stand the way he writes.) But let Dreiser attempt autobiography. Then they rise on their ears.

In *Dawn* Dreiser gives us his childhood and youth, honestly, interestingly and in a style fitted to the period and the story. *Dawn* reeks of the middle-west, of proletarian poor in small town and large city, of attempt to rise from poverty and of the futility of the attempt.

Twenty years ago I know things had not changed much in the mid-west Dreiser writes about, I doubt if there have been any great advances since. There are more families comparable to the Dreisers today in Indiana than there were in his childhood, and their position under this system is more hopeless than ever. All through the middle-west on the outskirts of towns and cities you can still see poor families, licked in the struggle for existence, living in utmost squalor of the kind Dreiser has portrayed. The only difference today is that the back yards of such places are usually encumbered by old broken down model—T Fords.

When a reviewer, who is always a good fellow and very kind to children and animals, is depressed by the subject matter of the book in hand he can easily go into the grammar, syntax, etc. And he can decry the lack of poetic beauty, "Good Taste," interest, etc. (Would the style of Pater with its stupid emptiness, applied to the subject matter of *Dawn*, have made a better book of it? Not a chance. The writing of *Dawn*, with crudity, grammatical slips, redundancy, adds to the power of the book.)

Dreiser's father was forced into the working class by a failure in business. His religious superstitious Catholicism incapacitated him to regain his former station and drugged him into inability to realize that he was of the proletariat. Theodore was a child at the time of the failure. His early life was the life of a poor child. But what was worse, in his family there was always the hope of regaining a good sound position in respectable bourgeois society. This was denied them. The struggle to appear to be and if possible, to be, more than one is,—that hits off America. *Dawn* is a damn fine book, and has caused a good many readers discomfort.

Dreiser's mind is a questioning one. He gropes after truth because to him truth is elusive and he questions whether there is absolute truth. Man is a chemic being, swayed and ruled by chemical reactions. Love, for instance, is a chemical attraction of beings which can be turned into hatred by the reorganization of the chemical attributes of the body. When Dreiser offers such an hypothesis he lets it be known that it also is open to doubt.

One absolute with the man is that poverty, distress and oppression of human beings causes him both mental and physical anguish of an extreme variety and impels him to give aid to the downtrodden as best he can.

This is apparent not only in his autobiography where he states the fact, but can be seen by a person of average intelligence in all of his novels. That this sympathy for the exploited masses, as Heywood Broun has analyzed it, is a gesture to gain publicity is a damnable libel. It would be more nearly correct to say that Broun ran on the socialist ticket in order to get publicity for his Broadway Bum Wiggle.

In *Dawn* you can trace sources of much of Dreiser's fiction. It impresses one with the fact that Dreiser is a man who writes about things he really knows about. That seems to me commendable. His frankness regarding his family deserves as much praise as his honesty regarding himself. The book comes about as near being honest autobiography as any of the genre I have read. And if he writes with mittens the keys are well spaced.

JOHN HERRMANN.

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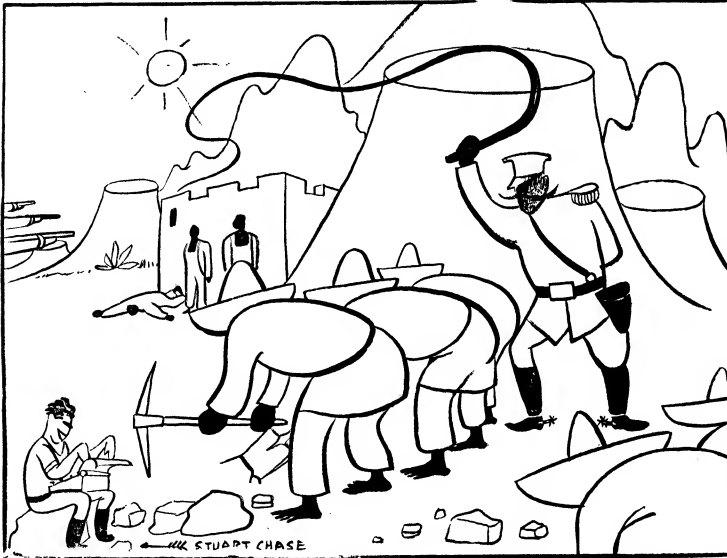
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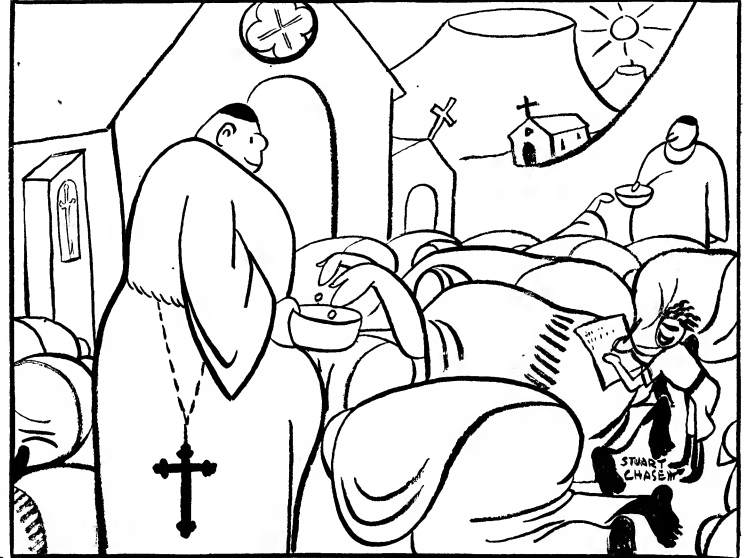
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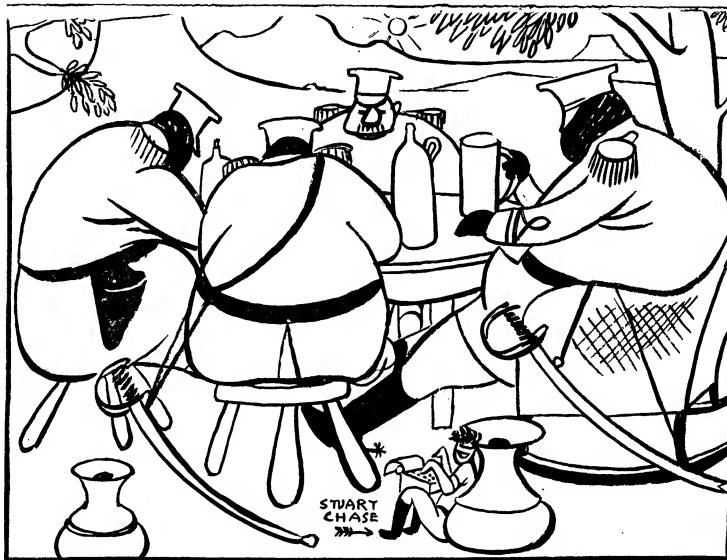
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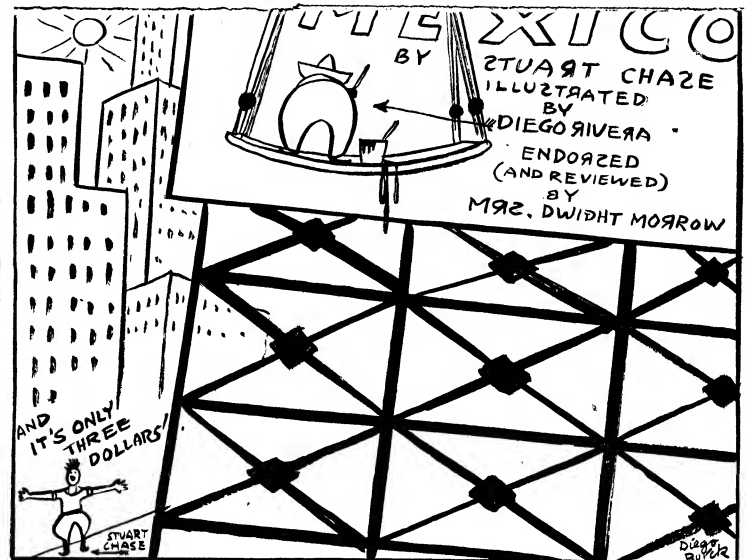
"I like its color and violence . . ."



"I like its crumbling cathedrals and churches . . ."



"I like its magnificent inertia . . ."



Drawn by Diego (formerly Jacob) Burck

Artists & Face Painters

Men of Art, by Thomas Craven. Simon and Schuster. \$3.00.

A book of art criticism which opens with the remark that in the days of the Medici Mussolini could not have qualified even as a hired assassin is something of a novelty.

But a book of art criticism based on a genuine effort to explain painters and painting in the light of the social forces which play upon art in all times is a genuine contribution. Nor does Thomas Craven forget to estimate art itself as a social force. In a masterful, scholarly and interesting fashion does he wrest art from the incapable hands and art appreciation from the ineffectual tongues of the art for art's sake practitioners. He pictures representative artists from Giotto to contemporaries as men with social consciousness who tried to give their art social content. Craven confounds the esthetes by pointing out that vital, meaningful work does not proceed from that shibboleth of snobbery, culture. He implies that the relationship is the other way around.

Craven smites alike the academicians and the fake modernists who find common ground in the belief that art should contain nothing literary.

His selection of representative artists as points of departure for discussion is also significant. Rembrandt, Goya, Hogarth and Daumier receive much more sympathetic treatment than Blake, Delacroix, Turner and Cezanne.

Those post-Renaissance painters who specialized in portraits he dismisses in a chapter entitled "Face-painters and Artists."

True to his assertion that "after all, our chief concern is with

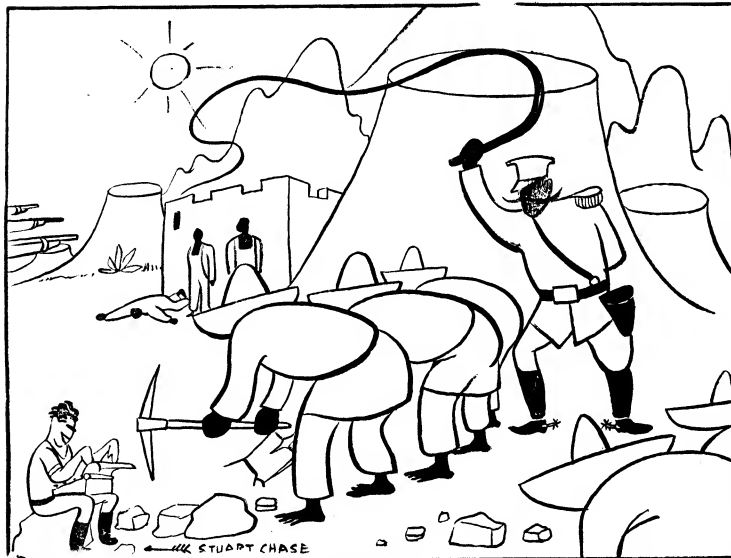
the art of our own time—whether we like it or not," Craven delivers himself of an intelligent and enlightening estimate of everything that has happened in art since Cezanne. He defends the healthy tendencies in modernism and crushes with his contempt the "abstractions of the anti-social starvelings" who take their cue from Spengler's philosophy of destruction, chaos and human defeat.

One is tempted to go on quoting Craven's work until it has been retailed in its entirety, but one must be content here merely with his vision of the future of art. He turns from the outworn culture of Western Europe to the new machine world of North America and half across the earth again to Russia:

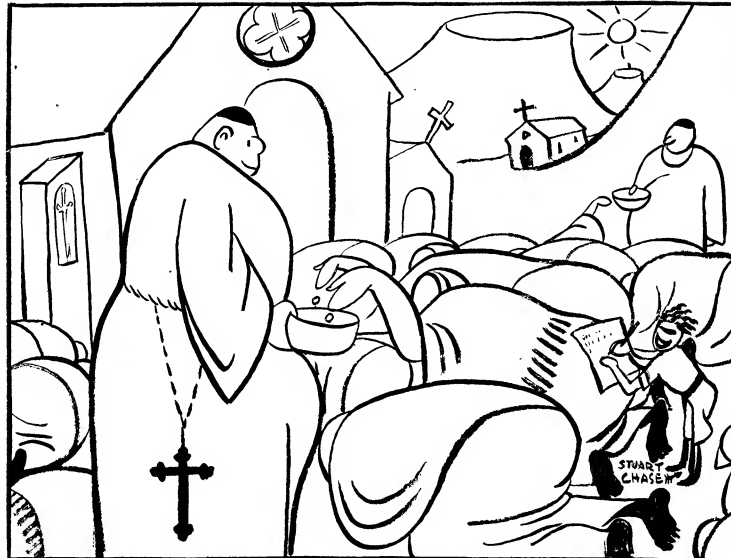
"Among the young painters (today) there is plenty of talent worth mentioning, but more important than talent is the growing desire to throw off the European yoke, to rebel against the little groups of merchants and esoteric idealists who control the fashions and markets in American art, and who maintain little stables of thoroughbred artists just as sporting millionaires deal in thoroughbred horses. These little groups . . . have only the mildest of contacts with the swift and brutal realism of American energy. The consciousness of slavery among the younger men has bred unrest and dissatisfaction with foreign cults, and this unrest, together with the immense possibilities of architectural decoration, augurs well for a revival of painting in America. For it is in North America, or Russia, or perhaps in a combination of the two, that we must plant our hopes for the significant expression of the new age. Certainly we have profited little by the culture of Western Europe."

PHILIP STERLING

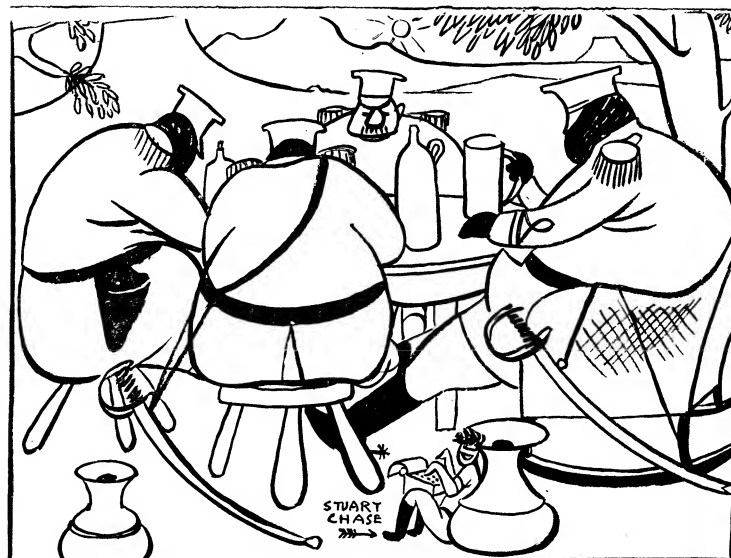
"I Like Mexico" A Book Review of *MEXICO* by Stuart Chase. Illustrations by Diego Rivera. The Macmillan Co.



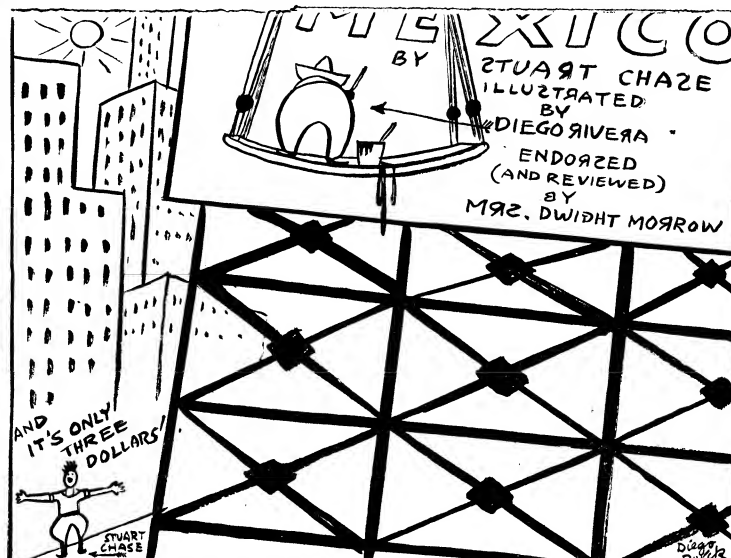
"I like its color and violence . . ."



"I like its crumbling cathedrals and churches . . ."



"I like its magnificent inertia . . ."



Drawn by Diego (formerly Jacob) Burck

WORKERS' ART

A monthly department for reports and discussion of Workers' Cultural Activities.

THEATRE

To All Dramatic Groups!

In the past years the number of groups in the workers' theatre movement in the U. S. A. is increasing rapidly. The fact that the workers' theatre is a mighty weapon in the struggles of the working class is being recognized.

But this numerical growth was not accompanied by a proportionate increase in the quality of the work. While some groups have already done work of a standard not inferior to that of the best groups in other countries, other groups are lacking in ideology, organization, technique, and suitable material.

In various countries like France, Germany, Japan, and Soviet Russia the workers theatres are united in powerful national organizations which provide the opportunity for an exchange of experiences, material and ideas. However, in the U. S. A. the groups are still isolated. Many groups have realized this shortcoming and voiced the urgent need to *organize and unite all workers theatres in the U. S. A.*

The first step in this direction was taken with the organization of the Workers Cultural Federation and the establishment of a Dramatic Section composed of members active in different dramatic groups.

The main task of the Dramatic Section is to prepare the ground for the formation of a Workers Dramatic Union of the U. S. A. We therefore call upon all dramatic groups to plan and build this organization and to form local *Dramatic Councils* to carry out this work.

Comrades! Time is short. We must make every effort to complete this preparatory work! Arrange discussions in your groups! Elect the most capable comrades to the local Dramatic Councils! *Work systematically toward the formation of our Workers Dramatic Union of the U. S. A.*

DRAMATIC SECTION Workers Cultural Federation.

New York Federation Dramsection

In order to carry out the work of the Dramatic Section of the Workers Cultural Federation in an organized and efficient way two subcommittees have been formed: the Repertory Committee, whose task is to collect, translate and distribute plays; and the Contact Committee, which takes charge of the correspondence with organizations. Two more members of dramatic groups, and one member each of the Writers' Section, Artists' Section and the Music Section of the Federation have been drawn into the Dram Section. This was done in order to get closer contact with the art forms connected with the theatre, as well as to give the individual writers, artists and composers the opportunity to get acquainted with the tasks and methods of proletarian dramatic work.

The first activity of the Dram Section was the Anti-War Mass Pageant, given on August First at the Union Square demonstration in New York, and repeated on August second at the Picnic of the Trade Union Unity League in Pleasant Bay Park. The play was written, directed and organized collectively by the Dram Section. The Workers Laboratory Theatre, the Prolet-Buehne (German) and the Artef (Yiddish) participated as groups. Members of the International Workers Order, Hungarian Workers Dramatic Club, the Young Communist League, the International Labor Defense and the Women's Councils were among the 40 worker-players who took part in the rehearsals. At the performance workers from the audience were drawn into the play. Even the bourgeois press had to admit the success of the perfor-

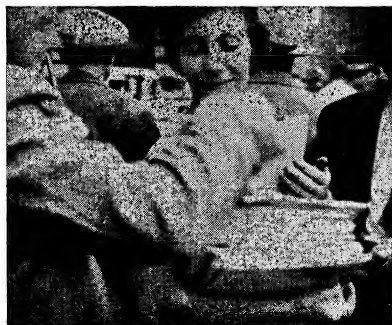
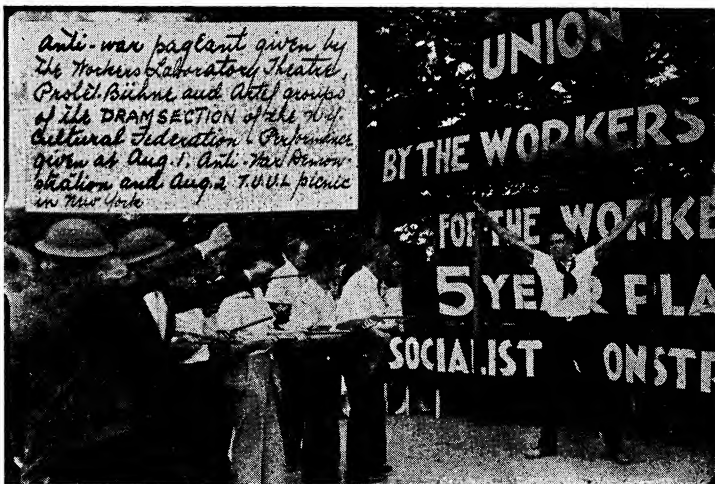


Photo by Seki Sano
New Masses being sold at August 1
Anti-War Demonstration in N. Y.



Photograph by the N. Y. Film & Photo League

mance and its enthusiastic reception by the audience of 15,000.

While this report is being written another mass pageant—for the Picnic of the Penn.-Ohio Miners' Relief—is in preparation.

On July 22 the Dram Section arranged a "Get Acquainted Party," where nine dramatic groups were represented by delegates. The Prolet-Buehne presented interesting performances. The evening was concluded by a discussion on the two plays and on ways and means for a better contact among the dramatic groups.

The first steps toward the building of a Workers Dramatic Union of the U. S. A. have already been taken.

The Dramatic Section also sent two of its members to the Pennsylvania coal strike and the Paterson silk strike to organize agit prop groups. Alfred Sachs did some excellent work with the miners' children in Pennsylvania. In Paterson Bernard Reines directed a miners' play which was presented at a mass meeting on Aug. 19 and was enthusiastically received.

An interesting feature in the plans of the Section is the organization of a special Agitprop Group consisting of representatives of the various mass organizations, such as T.U.U.L., I.L.D., workers International Relief, Labor Sports Union, I.W.O., etc. After a certain time of training in this group, the members will leave for their own organizations to organize Agitprop Groups, there whose main task will be to approach the masses with propaganda for these organizations.

The Dramatic Section meets every Monday at 8 p. m. at 799 Broadway, room 330, New York City. For information write or call at this address.

JOHN E. BONN, Chairman, Dramatic Section.

N. Y. Suitcase Theatre Organized

The New York Suitcase Theatre announces its organization, and calls upon actors especially from workers' groups, Negro and white, to meet with its directors at 8 p.m., Thursday, September 3, at the new cultural center at 63 West 15 St.

The plays with which the N. Y. Suitcase Theatre will open the fall season will be read and candidates considered. The aim of this organization is to create a group of proficient actors who will travel with a minimum equipment and a repertory of working class plays to be given before labor organizations.

Directors are Paul Peters, Whittaker Chambers, Langston Hughes, Jacob Burck.

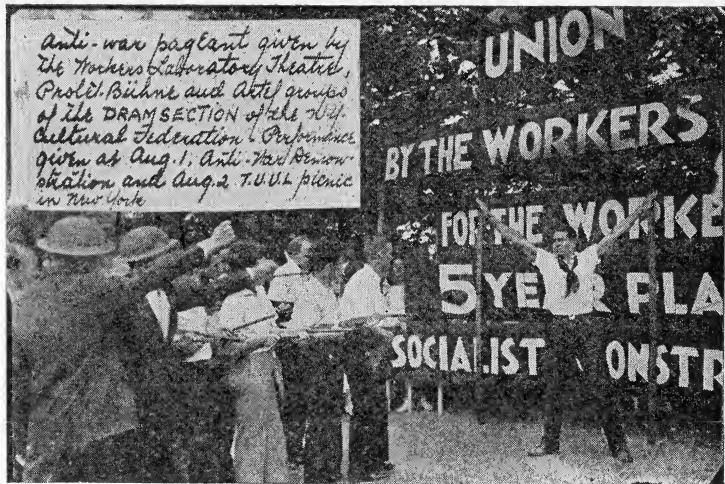
Address communications to N. Y. Suitcase Theatre in care of *New Masses*, 63 West 15 St. Algonquin 4-4445.

"Strike" Dramatized at Provincetown, Mass.

Strike, a play based on the novel of the same name, by Mary Heaton Vorse, parts of which have been printed in *New Masses*, has been presented for four weeks now at the Barn Theatre of Provincetown, Mass. W. Blake adapted and directed the play, composed of a prologue and 14 scenes, moving rapidly from the walkout of the workers thru the picket line, evictions, tent colony, "The Ballad Woman" (Ella May Wiggin—Mamie Lou in the play) and the final scene



Photo by Seki Sano
New Masses being sold at August 1
Anti-War Demonstration in N. Y.



Photograph by the N. Y. Film & Photo League

of the funeral of the murdered strikers. Though *Strike* contains scenes of vitality and strength, and some of stark beauty, it is a generally pacifistic, hopeless strain, ending on a note of defeatism, despite a germ of an idea to carry on in the struggle.

The play was staged simply, against large black and white poster paintings to suggest mood and scene. It was produced co-operatively, including the assistance of the John Reed Club artists of New York.

During intermissions of every performance an appeal was made for the Penn.-Ohio Miners Relief.

In connection with the play, a revolutionary art exhibit of *New Masses* artists, was staged. Paintings and drawings by Dehn, Gropper, Lozowick, Gellert and others were included, as well as those of Louis Ribak, A. Refregier, Brodsky and others now in Provincetown. The exhibit has attracted a great deal of attention in the local press, as directly in contrast to the annual exhibit of the local art colony, which is the usual morgue of art for anybody's sake.

Provincetown, Mass.

A. REFREGIER.

Hungarian Writers

The American-Hungarian group of revolutionary writers reports:

Although the Hungarian group of revolutionary writers and artists here was organized and officially connected with the Hungarian writers group in Moscow early in 1927, and most members of the present group were then or even theretofore contributors to the *Uj Elore* (*New Forward*), the *Sarle es Kalapacs* (*Hammer and Sickle*) and later the *Antifascista*, it was not until January 1931 that it became an integral organization on the basis of the platform outlined at the historic Charkov Conference of last November.

The group which at this time numbers 16 members has its center in New York (it isn't clear now whether we can organize local groups).

The meetings which occur once every month are divided into business and literary meetings, the latter stressing self criticism, matters of ideology and proletarian literary expression.

The literary publications to which the group contributes: 1) The *Uj Elore*, the only Hungarian daily of the Communist Party of America; 2) The *Sarle es Kalapacs*, the publication of Hungarian Workers in the Soviet Union, appearing in Moscow; 3) The *Antifascista*, a magazine published in New York.

Amateur groups of Hungarian workers, in New York and vicinity serve for dramatic expression and group choruses.

Inasmuch as it is believed that every proletarian correspondent may hold the possibilities of an accomplished proletarian writer, the group attaches great importance to its close contact with worker correspondents in New York. Their activities are carefully observed, and the more promising correspondents are accorded advice in matters of technique with a view to their development as proletarian writers.

For this reason it is believed necessary that our writers attend meetings of the correspondent group especially since the letters of workers as well as the shop reports constitute, so to speak, the very germ of proletarian train of thought. All in all our writers can only benefit by the interchange.

The staging of lectures and exhibitions for cultural groups are also among our tasks.

Distribution of books falls logically to the literary group. In order that a sound background may be created for the production of works of greater breadth, it stands to reason that much effort must be devoted to creating a literary demand, a hunger for literature among the Hungarian working masses. Our group participates in organizing distribution of literature through one of its committees, cooperating with the Hungarian Workers Book Shop.

We have assisted at the initial meeting of the Workers Cultural Federation of New York, held June 14, thus procuring significance for our international alliance in its final organized form.

New York, N. Y.

PETER MOOR, Literary Secretary.

On the New York Federation

The Declaration of the Workers Cultural Federation, printed in the last issue of the *New Masses*, (*Art Is A Weapon!*) was published in its original, first-draft form. A final revised version is now being prepared and will be sent to all workers' cultural groups.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE of *New Masses*

8 More Pages

Beginning with the OCTOBER issue *New Masses* will increase in size from 24 to 32 pages: more stories, ONE-ACT PLAYS, cartoons and a larger WORKERS ART SECTION (with more photographs) to speak more effectively for the growing revolutionary cultural movement.

In the Next Issue

OUR COMRADE MUNN

a short story by Whittaker Chambers—the first story of life and activity in the American Communist movement.

PEOPLE WITHOUT SHOES

by Langston Hughes, a simple and beautiful picture of the life and status of the Negro peasant of Haiti.

THE REVOLUTIONARY THEATRE IN FASCIST JAPAN

by Seki Sano, director of the Left Tokyo Theatre.

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Class War in Kentucky

Bruce Crawford, editor of *Crawford's Weekly*, of Norton, Va., was shot in the leg in Harlan, Ky., while there to get the facts about the coal strike and the trials growing out of it. Crawford had carried editorials friendly to the miners. He had been visited by Sheriff J. H. Blair of Harlan County, head gunman for the operators, who had told him that he was printing "newspaper lies" and had threatened him. Crawford went to Harlan to see for himself. He took Ed Fraley, an associate, with him. He saw for himself.

As soon as they entered Harlan they noticed that the sheriff's office had them shadowed. They were also warned that a car of deputies was out looking for their car and that it would probably be dynamited, as the car of Jessie London Wakefield, I.L.D. representative, had been. They put the car in a garage and stayed with a friend for the night.

The next morning as they were crossing a long bridge, Crawford was shot in the leg. He called to his friend Fraley to run and they dashed for the end of the bridge. They reported to Harlan police who told them frankly that it was doubtless the work of deputy sheriffs but that there wasn't anything they could do about it.

Two weeks later, on Monday, Aug. 17, Boris Israel, editor of *Nativity*, also Federated Press writer and a member of the N. Y. John Reed Club, was taken from the steps of the courthouse at Harlan where the first of 28 murder trials was taking place, and was "taken for a ride." The three deputy sheriffs, for Israel knows they were deputies, also knows the name of one, took him in a car to the county line, ordered him out of the county, beat him severely and shot at him. One bullet struck him in the leg, "carrying a wad of trousers with it and hitting the membrane about the joint," he reports. He was taken to the Pineville hospital where he spent two weeks. The doctor there says that he narrowly escaped serious complications. He will be out soon, but will have to use crutches or a cane for some time.

The Federated Press sent Mrs. Harvey O'Connor to Harlan then. She had not been in town a day when she received the

following note by special delivery through the mails:

"Madam: You have been here to long already and remember to other red neck reporters got what was coming to them so don't let the sun go down on you here. If you do it will be just to bad. We got your number and we dont mean maybe.....
—hundred percent americans."

The Editor & Publisher, for the week of August 22, carries a long story of the shooting of the two writers and a strong editorial including a statement by Frank Palmer, head of the Federated Press, condemning the action of the Harlan police.

The writers of the John Reed Club of New York had meanwhile begun a campaign through the press on the matter and collected funds for Boris Israel, a club member, to secure medical attention.

The Students Organize

The Student's League was organized in May 1931. So far a membership of 60 students of six universities and colleges of the metropolitan area has responded.

The purpose of this organization is to interest students in economic, political and social problems; to cultivate a critical attitude in the students towards the existing economic and political institutions; to awaken the students from their apathy toward problems facing the world today; to counteract the militaristic and reactionary propaganda which has been disseminated in the halls of our schools.

A magazine to advance the aims of the organization will appear at the end of September.

The magazine issued by an intercollegiate organization (the Student's League) will be outside the jurisdiction of any college authorities. Freedom of opinion and a continuous life is thereby assured.

All students interested in this organization, willing to help organize or contribute to the magazine, write to the Student's League, care of *New Masses*.

Mitchel Siporin—19 year old artist, now regular contributor to *New Masses*, is on the executive board of the Chicago John Reed Club.

Jacob Burck—staff artist on the *Daily Worker*, is also associated with the newly organized N. Y. Suitcase Theatre.

Herman Spector—has just lost his job in a warehouse. Looking for work.

William Gropper—contributes a drawing on the miners in this issue which is being entered in the International competition between the artists of the N. Y. John Reed Club and the artists of Germany.

Norman Macleod—American editor of *Front*, is now in Alabama.

William Hernandez—of Brooklyn, N. Y., is one of the young artists who have become well known to *New Masses* readers in the past year.



Paul Peters—Born in Kentucky in 1900; has been successively caddy, errand boy, cub reporter, editor of the *Blue Island*, Ill., semi-weekly, college boy, school teacher, little theatre director, ham poet, publicity agent, hobo, miner, pipe fitter in knitting mill, ordinary seaman on oil tanker, laborer in construction camp, slagger on steel furnace, dockwalloper, hired man on farm, etc. Author of a few plays, contributor to a few publications and one of the group of the N. Y. Suitcase Theatre.

IN THIS ISSUE

R. T. Linbach—of Cleveland, O. makes his first appearance in *New Masses*. He writes of himself: "Born in 1904 in a small Ohio town, worked in factories and steel mills to get dough to go to Art School where I got disgusted with academic art, later with Paris also, so I came back to draw the American bourgeois in his own surroundings."

George Robbins—23 year old writer of Chicago, Ill., makes his first *New Masses* appearance. Graduate of a Cleveland high school, Ohio State School of Journalism, and now unemployed.

Bill Dunne—former editor of the *Butte Bulletin*, and the *Daily Worker*, is now actively engaged in the coal strike.

Hugo Gellert—contributes to this issue the second of his drawings from his forthcoming book of illustrations and text based on *Capital* by Karl Marx.

Alberto Morales—after a short visit in the U. S., is now on his way back to Mexico. First appearance in *New Masses*.

Gilberto Crespo—also making his first appearance in *New Masses* is a 15 year old little Mexican comrade now in Hollywood, Calif.

Langston Hughes—now in New York, is at work on a one-act play on the Scottsboro case to be presented soon, and a series of articles and stories, the first of which will appear in the next issue of *New Masses*.

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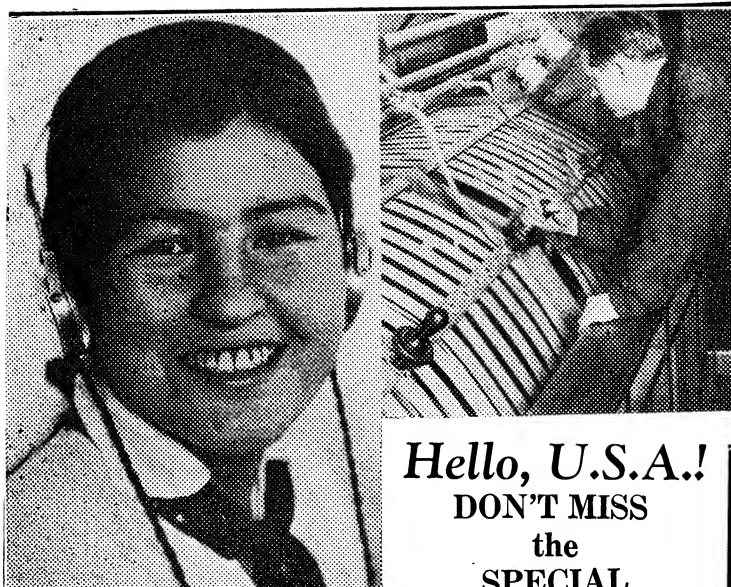
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to help *New Masses* day or evenings. Assistance of every kind is needed: folding, mimeographing, etc., especially typists and stenographers.

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Paul Peters—Born in Kentucky in 1900; has been successively caddy, errand boy, cub reporter, editor of the Blue Island, Ill., semi-weekly, college boy, school teacher, little theatre director, ham poet, publicity agent, hobo, miner, pipe fitter in knitting mill, ordinary seaman on oil tanker, laborer in construction camp, slagger on steel furnace, dockwalloper, hired man on farm, etc. Author of a few plays, contributor to a few publications and one of the group of the N. Y. Suitcase Theatre.



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